

VOGUE



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OCT. 15

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ON FASHION

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designed for Lilli Ann by Cynthia Benatar

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custom-made in our fur workrooms

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK

**BERGDORF
GOODMAN**

5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

Shannon Rodgers



for Jerry Silverman

For fine stores and details see page 198

OCTOBER 15, 1964

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

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PENN

COVER: The special evening chemistry of tawny gleaming skin against jewelled white satin. From Castillo, the satin triangle embroidered with glittered flowers in crysanthemum colours, wrapped around the head like a bonnet. And from Tournour, the makings of the luminous evening face: Apricot Fluff Creme Rouge on cheeks and forehead; Frosted Topaz eye shadow on the bone of the brow; Smoke Mist on the lids. Two lipsticks: Apricot Glow over Melon Glow. Embroidered triangle and apricot dress, of Abraham satin. I. Magnin.

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spray mists



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Jolie Madame

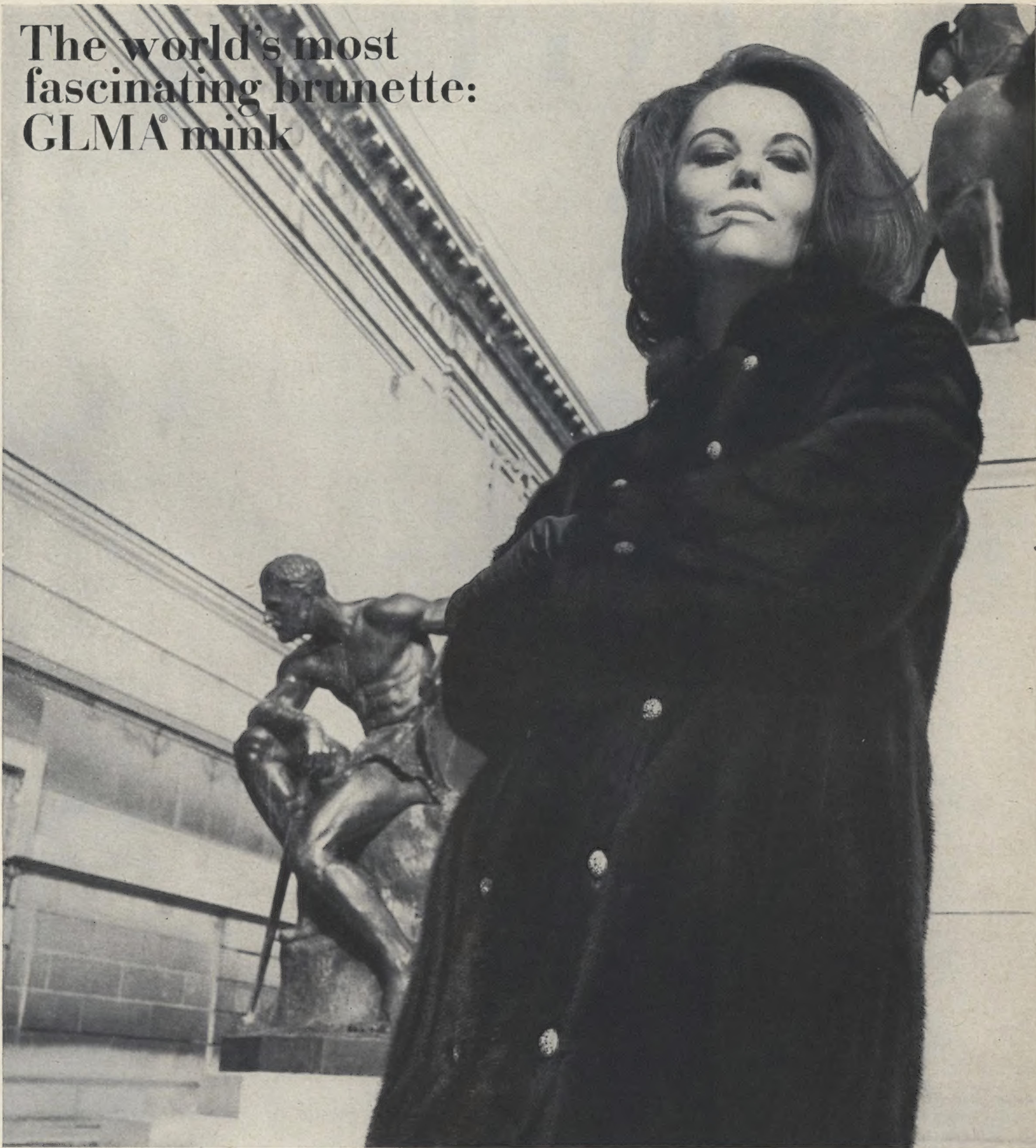
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The world's most
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Georges
Kaplan

A FRENCH COUTURIER IN FUR 730 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK 19



THE BROCATELLE BISTRO SUIT FROM BONWIT'S...Teal Traina's wonderfully worldly white costume: the dress a bare little bolt of lightning insinuating the body beneath, the jacket a masterpiece of shape. Of French imported acetate and polyester brocatelle sculpted like an alabaster bas relief. Misses' sizes, 225.00 complete. No mail or phone orders, please. To be found now in our Collection Clothes, it has, above all...**THE BONWIT TELLER TOUCH**

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BONWIT
TELLER



*Love L'Air du Temps
the romantic fragrance...*



Love it this new way... L'Air du Temps
Airomatique *by Nina Ricci*
PARIS

Dawn of a new day in spray... the Airomatique! An original Lalique flacon with a very special atomizer, created in Paris by Marcel Franck. Just a touch of your finger releases a fine mist of L'Air du Temps Eau de Toilette. It's all fragrance. And all in all the most beautiful addition to your boudoir since sprays were first invented. Easily re-filled, leak-proof and spill-proof. **Eau de Toilette 2½ ozs., \$6.50 plus tax**
In Capricci, 2½ ozs., \$7.50 plus tax

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Moon-Bound White Crepe exclusive at \$395

...launched by Gigliola Curiel of Milan, whose great dressmaker finesse gave this streak of radiance its fearless shaping. In its brilliant future: all the galas of the season, spellbound in the wake of its trailing scarf and burst of tucking. Of rich, dry silk crepe in white, and black as well. Misses' sizes. Fourth Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
**BERGDORF
GOODMAN**
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET



ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN
WHEN YOU WEAR

FAME

PARFUM DE CORDAY

THREE-FIFTY TO THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS

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U.S. FASHION COUNTRY

The perfect raincoat
in raccoon-lined twill

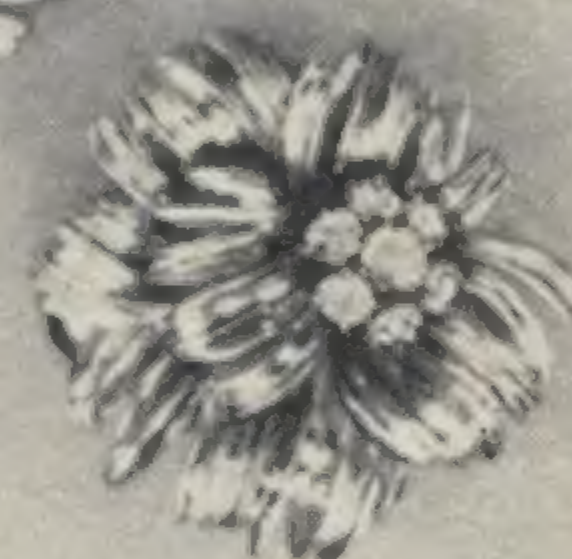


JEAN-PHILIPPE SADRON

The raincoat to have right now: a neat shaft of beige gabardine twill completely lined in raccoon—right down to the edge of the sleeves. It's buttoned up close at the neck beneath a welted mandarin collar, has generous flapped and welted pockets just at hand-warming level. Wonderful for travel, wonderful for the country, wonderful for cold days anywhere. By Betti Belmont for Style Trends. Of Reeves cotton twill with Scotchgard repeller. At Bonwit Teller, N. Y.; Makoff; Neiman-Marcus.

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To Cherish Forever

All the qualities that have made Van Cleef & Arpels world-famous are found in our Boutique jewels.

Chrysanthemum Ensemble. Exotic petals of gold, opening onto sparkling diamond blossoms. Clip ... \$575. Earclips ... \$690. Other gems available.

Winsome Ram Clip of woolly, textured gold, with sapphire eyes and nose, curling diamond horns ... \$390.

Designs © Actual size 18 kt. gold
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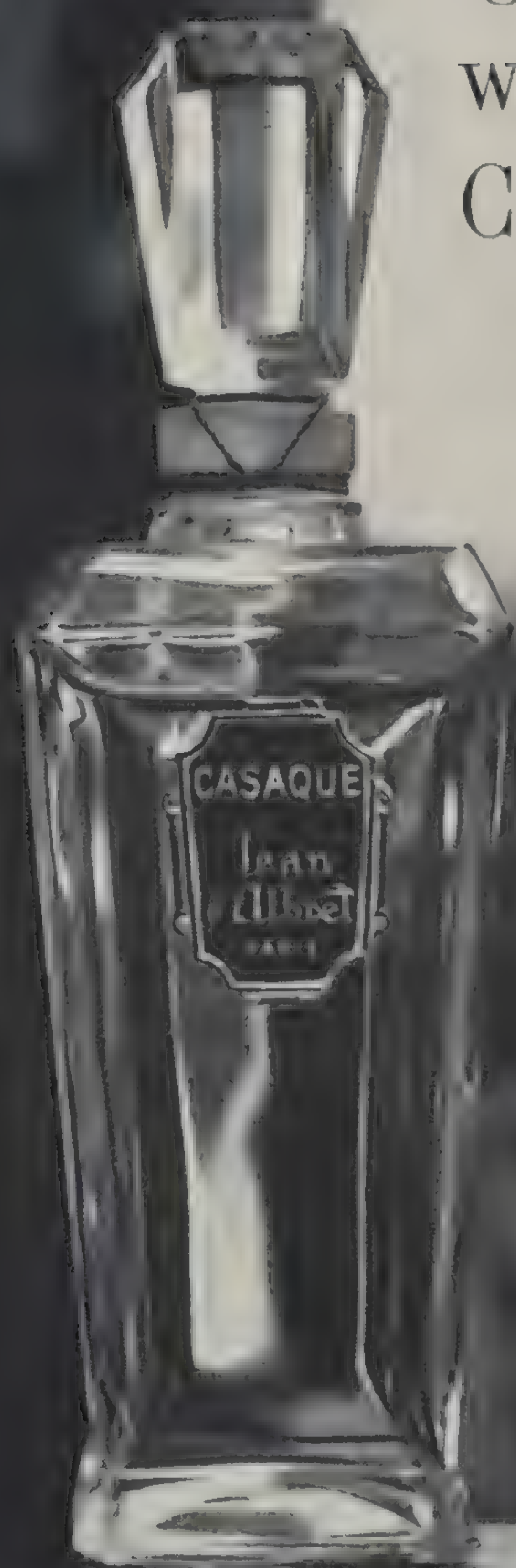


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exciting,
igniting
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Jean D'ALBRET
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CASAQUE PARFUM IS BOTTLED, SEALED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE. IMPORTER JEAN D'ALBRET © DIV., 680 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N.Y.



Forward-thinking Norell does his new short evening dress with a backward plunge. Crystal Room.

HUDSON'S
the Woodward Shops
DETROIT



Revillon
AT
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

*creates a
ring-collared
coat - circles
of luxurious
Empress chinchilla.*

Revillon Fur Salon.



The body is back

Isn't it nice? And just a little bit enticing? The new clothes are moving ever-so-subtly closer to the body. Ask any man you know if he doesn't think it's an improvement. And ask yourself if it isn't exciting to feel ultra-female again.

Here's what we mean: the subtle cling of a divine pair of hostess pajamas. The hint of a hug at the waistline of a wool dress. A slithery, come-hither evening gown. You'll want them all!

And what do you need (besides money) in order to be able to wear clothes like these superbly? You need a beau-

tiful Bali longline. Yes, no matter how lithe and slim and firm and young your figure, you need a Bali longline bra to give you the smooth, sinuous glide that these figure-revealing fashions demand.

Bali knows that the way to control your midriff is from the top down. And every Bali longline with Flatter Band is designed to do just that. A Bali longline gentles away even the hint of a ripple from bosom to waistline, makes your outlines look fluid, graceful.

To do justice to the new fashions and your figure, the first step is simply to turn the page . . .



...and every body
needs a
Bali Longline
to celebrate!





Don't take our word for it. Take 5 minutes in the fitting room of a fine store, and discover for yourself that a Bali longline is the shortest distance between you—the new, closer-to-the-body clothes—and the new, closest, admiring glances!

- 1 **Bali Sno-Flake Longline**—Everybody's favorite bra, because it looks so pretty and delicate, yet never loses its shape. Flat ribbon wire under each cup gives unfelt support. And the longline with Flatter Band gives you a slim, sleek look! White or black nylon lace. B, C and D cups, 10.00. DD cup, 10.95.
- 2 **Sky Bali® Longline**—The stretch bra built for freedom of movement. The stretch bra that knows where to stretch and where to stop. In a longline with Flatter Band, it's just the bra you need for figure-skimming silhouettes. White or black all-leno elastic frame with embroidered sheer nylon cups. B, C and D cups, 10.95.
- 3 **Bali-Hi Longline**—What strapless longline also gives you a fashionable, low, low back? Bali-Hi Longline, the only strapless bra that clings instead of binds! White or black nylon lace cups with Flatter Band, made of Lycra® spandex, to snug you in securely. B and C cups, 10.95. D cup, 12.50.
- 4 **Bali-Lo Longline**—The most beautiful décolleté bra in all the world, in a new, longline version. Bali-Lo plunges deep in front, deep in back, wears its straps wide at the shoulder. And now, with its Flatter Band, smoothes your middle so it looks extra-little! White or black nylon lace. B and C cups, 10.00. D cup, 10.95. Will you spend 5 minutes on a better figure for life?

BALI BRASSIERE COMPANY, INC., 16 EAST 34th STREET, NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

Bali 
Every Bali has a bow



Sloat whips up a quick charmer in whipcord wool. Soft, supple, mobile...as only pure wool is. The world's best. Look for the mark that says so.



This mark was created by the Wool Bureau, Inc. It is awarded to quality products made of the world's best pure wool.



It took Max Factor
to make me blush...

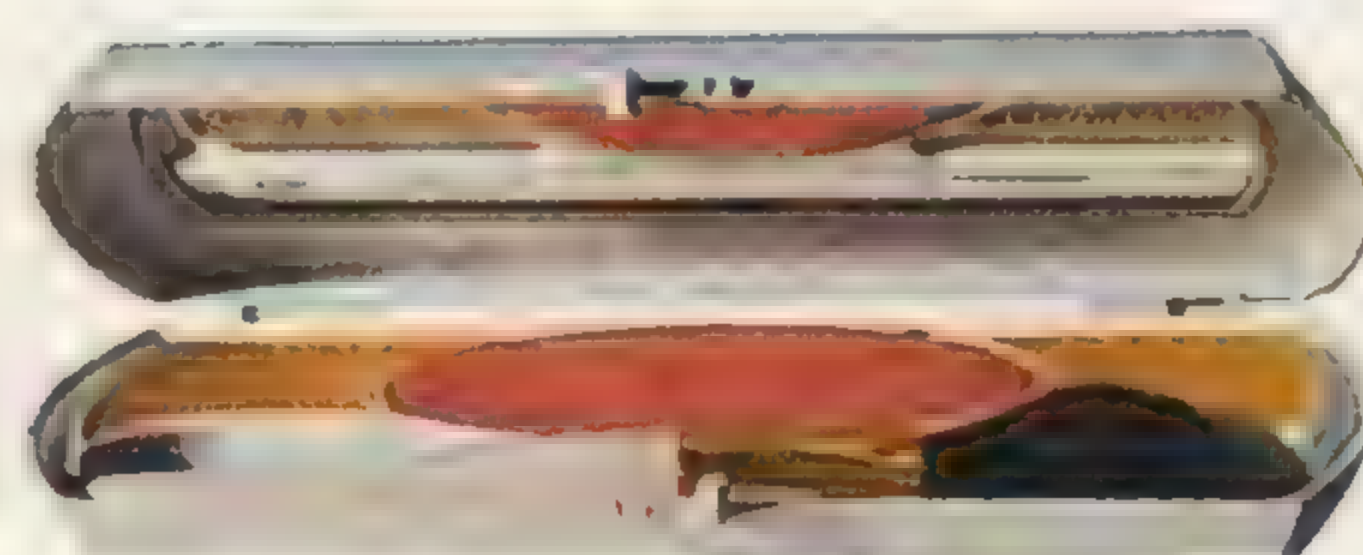
I love it. **Pastel Glow**...more than a make-up,
it's a new *glow-up*...a sudden glow of
color I stroke on with this silky little brush.

(fantastic when you're feeling pale or frazzled)



The color's so natural you'd think it's my own
skin-tone *(only happier)!* I use it over or in place of
make-up...all over my face. It's a subtle change,
but it works. See? Now I'm the girl who
blushes *before* a compliment.

It's **Pastel Glow** by Max Factor



Fashion point: Arnel puts the granny gown in a soft young mood.

Designer: M. C. Schrank.

Fabric: Brushed tricot of Arnel triacetate and nylon by french fabrics corp.

Performance: Easy-care! Arnel makes it machine washable.

Colors: Blue or pink.

Sizes: 32 to 40.

Price: About \$9. Also available in shift gown and pajamas.

Arnel...a *Celanese* contemporary fiber



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This is the official Arnel® symbol—your assurance that this fabric type has been pretested for performance claimed by Celanese®

JOHN BECHTOLD



Umpa
WORLD'S FINEST MINK

UMPA—United Mink Producers Association, Janesville, Wis.

*Umpa's natural violet and natural dark ranch mink
designed by Betty Yokova*

N_{furs} **Neustadter**
333 Seventh Ave., New York



THE LADY AND HER



or 24 hours of fashion



The Lady is avant garde. She drives Ford's bold new jewel of a car . . . the glittering Galaxie 500 LTD shown here in Caspian Blue. LTD is the most luxurious Ford ever built. Its lines are sleek, sculptured. Its distinctive monogram gleams like a royal crest. And to give it extra elegance, the Lady ordered *her* LTD with a vinyl-covered roof. In cars, as well as clothes, the Lady's taste is flawless.

The Lady is dashing in her luxe greatcoat, $\frac{3}{4}$ length for fashion's sake and the better to slip behind the wheel. In coffee imported New Zealand suede, tuxedo collared, cuffed with Australian Opossum. 6 to 18, about \$285. By SU SU.

The bib-front raincoat rates the Lady's applause. A streak of caramel poplin with high mandarin collar, it's stitched, buttoned in black. 6 to 16, about \$30. By TELLSHIRE.

**JOSEPH
MAGNIN**
CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA





THE LADY AND HER



or 24 hours of fashion

The Lady is a butterfly. She plays about the garden, then takes off to the city in her luxe Ford LTD. Its ride is silken smooth . . . whisper quiet. And thanks to Silent-Flo ventilation in her 4-door LTD the Lady's coif is never mussed. Until now found only in Thunderbird, S-F keeps fresh air flowing gently through her car as she drives with the windows shut! Other LTD allures: its suspended accelerator pedal saves heel scuffing, its double-edged key is always right side up! The Lady is charming in Mr. Dino's shirt and pants. Handprinted top of Celera®, textured acetate, has amusing scalloped hem. Silk pants in shocking pink are man-tailored and lined. 8 to 18. Shirt about \$28. Pants about \$18. By **MR. DINO.**

The Lady is chic in her 3-part suit of deep-ribbed, double-knit tucked wool colored deep exciting rose. Beneath the jacket, a soft-pink short-sleeved shell. 8 to 18, about \$70. By **COUTURE IMPORTS.** Hats by Adolfo.

**JOSEPH
MAGNIN**
CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA



THE LADY AND HER



or 24 hours of fashion



A PRODUCT OF
Ford
MOTOR COMPANY

The Lady rides in limousine luxury in her Ford Galaxie 500 LTD. Its spacious, gracious interior is so tastefully . . . elegantly furnished. The Lady sinks into the comfortable seats, covered in smooth rich fabrics. She admires LTD's handsome paneling that looks like warm rich wood. And to light her way—there are convenience lights in doors, ash trays, glove compartment, trunk. LTD adds glamour to the night.

The Lady is raffiné in brilliant white puffed brocade. Her A-frame coat tops a décolleté dress that's bare-armed, easy-skirted. In Eastman Estron®, acetate, cotton, nylon. 6 to 16, about \$80. By **MARDI GRAS**.

The Lady is soignée in her white chenille knit. A cool fringe licks the neckline and hem, sleeves are long and skinny. Of Orlon® Sayelle, acetate, linen, nylon. Top 34 to 40. Skirt 6 to 16. Each about \$15. By **JANE IRWILL**.

**JOSEPH
MAGNIN**
CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA



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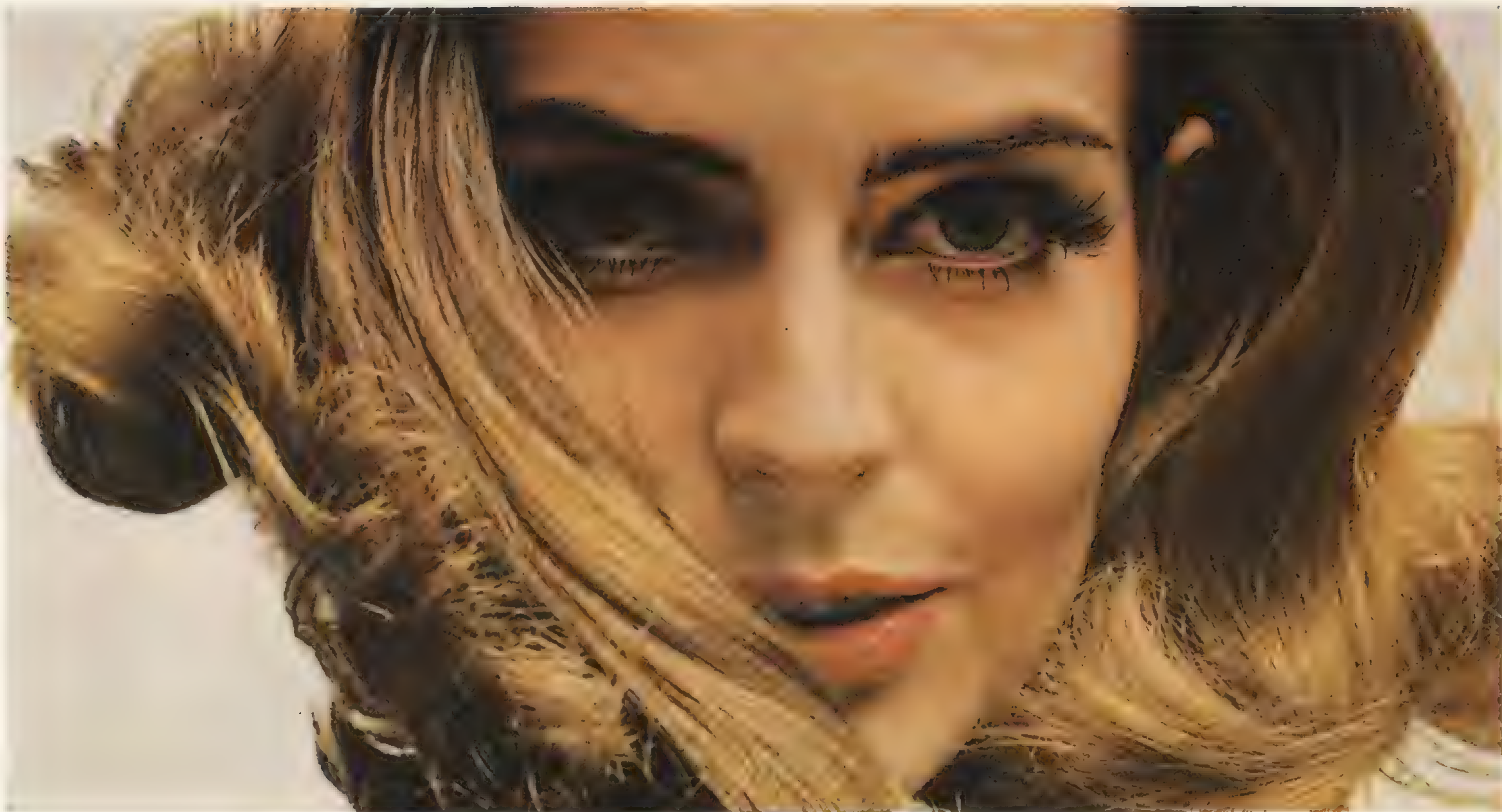


Eight hours a night, Elizabeth Arden's revolutionary new liquid cream works to caress away the wrinkles of the day

Pour out this whisper-light liquid. Stroke it on your face. Elizabeth Arden's Liquid Cream lingers several minutes, softening and soothing skin, then seeps in. Works to help erase tired lines, even deep-rooted wrinkles. It's amazing that a cream as rich as this could ever be a liquid. Could be absolutely non-greasy. Even

invisible. Ardena Liquid Cream is just one of Elizabeth Arden's beauty triumphs. Try it tonight. It takes minutes to apply and works all night. While you sleep. Or, smooth it on during the day. While you're busy, it gets busy on your skin. Because it's invisible, only your grateful skin knows it's there. 5.00, 9.00 and 15.00.plus tax.

Elizabeth Arden



Can you picture someone like me travelling with anything but Samsonite?

Me...with frumpy luggage...? You're mad. I want luggage that looks like me. Fast paced. Trim. In control. Off we go. Silhouette and I. It's so 1964. Scuff resistant. Stain resistant. Magnesium frames. And those beautiful interiors...why when I pack my little Dior in

Samsonite Silhouette it's as safe as it would be in the First National Bank. Silhouette is marvelous. Simply marvelous. I love the locks, too...concealed... have you ever watched a French customs man trying to get into Silhouette...? Well, my dear...it's hysterical.

INTRODUCING NEW MARINA BLUE



24" Pullman \$32.50

26" Pullman \$42.50

Week End Tote \$25.00

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The luggage that sets the pace for luxury.

In Marina Blue, Biscayne Blue, Willow Green, Platinum Grey, Dover White, Oxford Grey, Venetian Red. Available at all good department and specialty stores. Shwayder Bros., Inc., Luggage Div., Denver 17, Colorado. Makers of Samsonite Folding Furniture. Prices plus existing taxes. In Canada thru Samsonite of Canada, Ltd., Stratford, Ontario. Prices slightly higher.



MY FAIR LADY: The off-screen fashion life

Inspired by the spirit of the Warner Bros. movie and brought to life by America's fashion designers and fine stores across the country, the clothes on the next twenty pages sum up the *My Fair Lady* influence: purely contemporary prettiness . . . headlong charm . . . heartbreaking allure.





Overture to a new Fair Lady in fashion

Among the finer achievements
in fashion now, dresses like
these that strike a new chord:
grandeur played with a soft
pedal, prettiness on the upbeat.
Dinner-and-dancing dress, far left,
in a shade of red as rich as the satin.
Slender and supple, with an endearing
note of Empire in the shape.
Beige satin, beige mink, center,
working together faultlessly
in a full-length evening suit.

Both by Sarmi.
Norell-isms, this page: a ball gown
finding its greatness in small things
—small train to the skirt,
small stole rimmed in that dark
jewel among furs, sable.
by Norman Norell, in papery pink silk.

John Hanan
PHILADELPHIA



On the street
where you live:
the new romantics
in costume form



The pretty architecture here:
costumes by COOPER-COUTURE
built on a fashion foundation
as surefire as the ballad-scenes
from *My Fair Lady*—
slick, silky, heart-catching.
Theatre coat and dress, near left,
in a parchment-coloured silk
ignited with jewels on the coat-collar.
Cocktail suit, center,
in the same parchment shade of
silk, the leggy skirt overbloused
but not overawed
(skirts don't come newer than this now).
Long green, far left,
—the look and the reality:
green antique satin coat over a dress
with a bosom-clutching degree of charm.

BONWIT TELLER



I. MAGNIN & CO

Norman Norell
designs in silk
for the
Ascot Beauties





I. MAGNIN_{E CO}

Sarmi
designs in silk
for the
Ascot Beauties







I could have danced danced danced

The *ad infinitum* quality is the
thing to watch here:

costumes that make Entrances...
and then go right on making the scene
totally scenic till the last dance is called.

Face-powder chiffon, opposite page,
—a beige cloud sharply peppered
with beads on the Empire waistband.
Not shown, a seemingly boundless stole,
reversibly beige velvet, blue satin.

Black-and-whiteness, this page at left,
with all the memorable lines:
black velvet bodice on the dress,
on the reverse of the coat. Everything
else, white ribbed satin.

High-waisted dress,
this page at right, a kind of unfair-to-men
Fair Lady look in ivory peau d'ange
weighted lightly, strategically,
with crystal beads.

Matching hooded coat, not shown.

Everything, both pages,
designed by Helena Barbieri.

Rich's
Atlanta





JULIUS GARFINCKEL

Accustomed
to her face:
dazzling in the light
of the pale brocades

Brocade from Malcolm Starr, flower-laden, flower-colored: alabaster blue and citron. Theater coat, far left, over a shift in the same brocade. Two-piece dress, second left, glittering with buttons and a show of bare skin. Brocade tailleur, third left, kept very neat and slender (the better to weather the My Fair Lady opening-night crush?). Total brocade, near left, fitch fur warming the hands and chin.

TEAL TRAINA



SHOW ME: the showpiece-clothes

"Don't talk of stars burning above . . ."
a simple statement of fashion
from Teal Traina says all you need to know
about night looks now.

Theater ticket, opposite page left,
a suit of black Alaskine silk-and-wool.
Stage-lighting: a white matelassé blouse.

Brocade tunic, opposite page right,
shaped like the little bell
that goes off in your mind
when the fashion-word really hits home.

Opera suit, near left,
in Staron white silk damask,
a brown velvet blouse
pulled down over a mermaid skirt.



Himelhoch's


With a little
bit of luck
... this is You
in clothes that make
a woman a beauty

Late-day suit, directly right,
in a whitened-blue wool clipped
off with pale blue satin.
Under-jacket, a satin overblouse.
David Kidd for Arthur Jablow.
Late-night brocade, far right,
cut with a lavish Scaasi hand,
the coat in cape proportions.
Deep-pink brocade with
pale pink leavened in.
Background here: a grey London
street from *My Fair Lady*—
a movie that, otherwise, couldn't
be more four-color.

Braunton
LONDON







In the rain
in Spain . . .
London, Paris
or St. Louis:

Fair ladies will wear our
exciting versions of the
skinny coat with-a-figure.
Designed for us by Sherbrooke
in DuPont's nylon cloqué,
the current furor for night or day.

ZEPEL®

DuPont's fabric fluoridizer, makes
them impervious to rain, spot or
stain, gives them unsurpassed
water repellency!

"By George, they've got it" . . .
the look of young elegance
which is Stix, Baer & Fuller's
fashion flair. Black or white;
the long version, 50.00;
the short, 40.00

• DuPont Reg. T.M.


Stix Baer & Fuller
SAINT LOUIS 1, MISSOURI

Loverly
Loverly
Loverly
Loverly

You . . . in the tender
clothes that make a
woman a beauty . . .
absobloominutely.

Velvet theater suit, this page,
inky blackness blooming with
white crêpe ruffles on the blouse.

White-black-pink, center,
the pink sash on the brocade skirt
almost as big as the
bare little black velvet bodice.

Ruffles-at-home, far right,
— white crêpe sashed with pink
satin; a black velvet skirt.

Ruffles and bows
(everything here has them)
— it's amazing how they keep out the
cold night air. All, the warming idea of

jr. Sophisticates

Jordan Marsh Company

BOSTON-FRAMINGHAM-PEABODY





For My Ladies Fair...The Magic Touch Of Cinderella

When the occasion's festive...rosebuds, moonbeams and timeless grace...dresses of Dacron® polyester and cotton, accented with velveteen. 3 to 6x, about \$11 and 7 to 14, about \$13. At BONWIT TELLER, New York and branches; Rich's, Inc., Atlanta, Ga. and branches; J. Blach & Sons, Birmingham, Ala.; Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass. and branches; Himelhoch's, Detroit, Mich.; Sakowitz Bros., Houston, Texas; Bullock's, Inc.,

Los Angeles, Calif. and branches; Jordan Marsh, Miami, Fla. and branches; John Wanamaker, Phila., Pa. and branches; Jos. Horne Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Miller & Rhoads, Inc., Richmond, Va.; B. Forman Co., Rochester, N. Y.; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Mo.; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Wash.; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.; and other fine stores. ROSENAU BROTHERS, Inc., Fox St. and Roberts Ave., Phila. 29, Pa.



Once she was the only woman in the world allowed to wear this perfume. L'Interdit. Created by Givenchy for Audrey Hepburn.





diamonds are a fair lady's



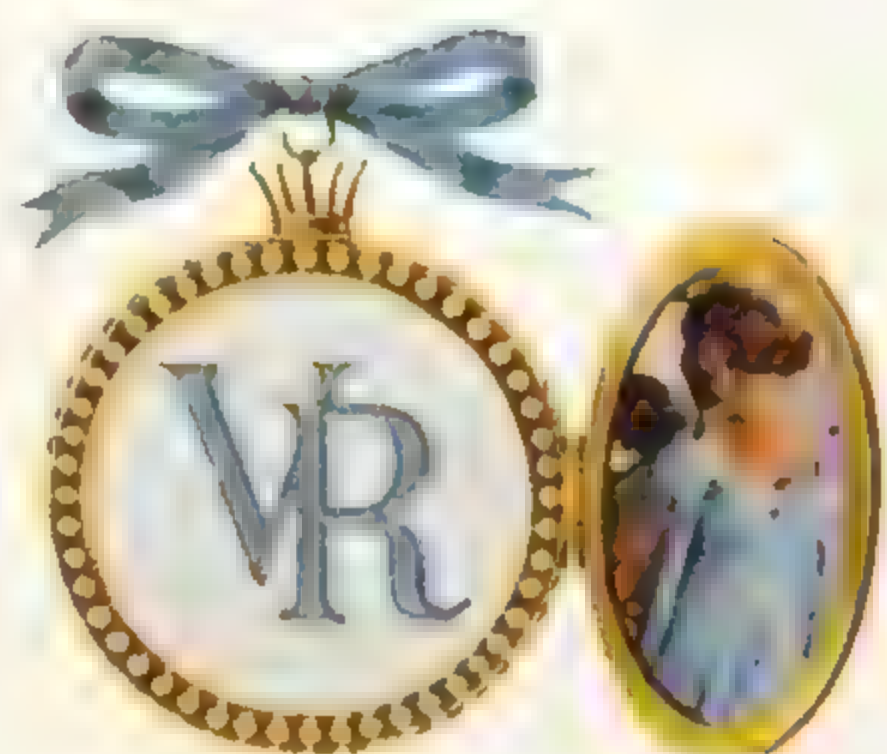
best friend *Hanes*





The Fair Lady mood...captured by Van Raalte with all the elegance of the Edwardian era! Left: Exquisitely draped ensemble in Antron® Myth® and incredibly gossamer Soufflé sheer nylon tricot. Imported Crown Lace follows the peignoir's cowed yoke, nestles in the soft folds of the gown. Royal Turquoise/white or Primrose Pink/ecru. 32 to 36. The set, \$70.00. Gown alone, \$25.00. Above: Beguiling waltz ensemble, twin-layered and paneled with delicate Cameo Lace. Small, medium or large as well as Petite and Junior sizes. Méditerranée or Parisian Pink/white, all White, or Foam/ecru. The set, \$30.00. Gown alone, \$11.00. Matching long gown, \$15.00. At fine stores everywhere.

*Du Pont T.M.

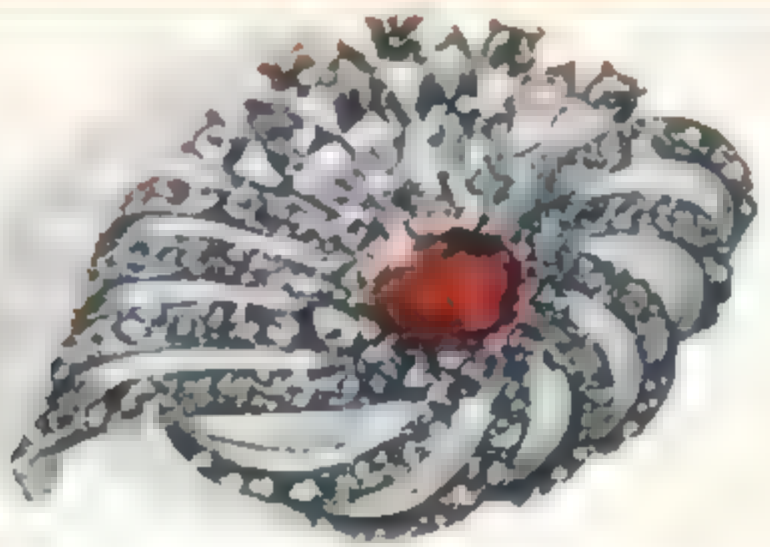


Van Raalte

Because you love nice things



GOWN BY MALCOLM STARR

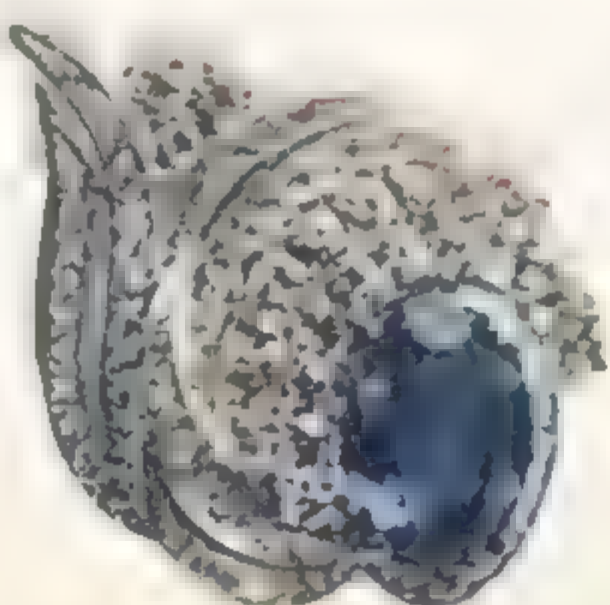
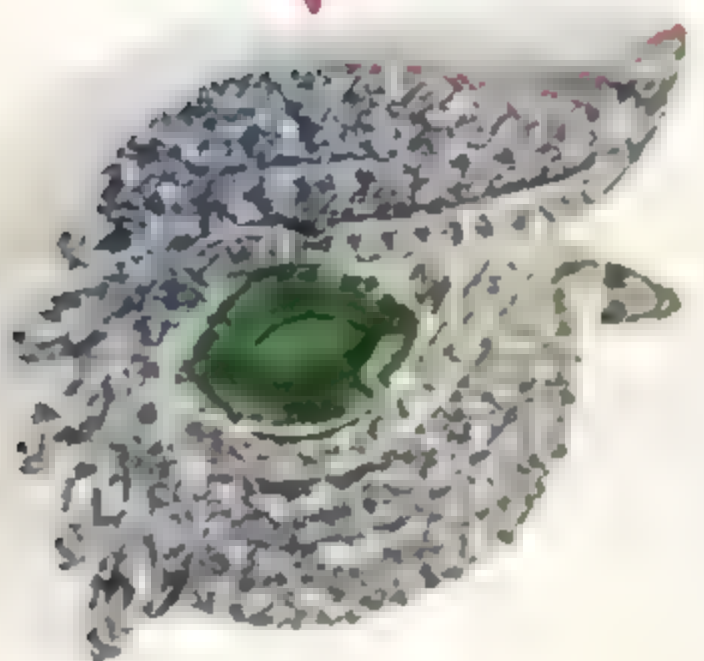


Edwardian Opulence . . .

*Vendôme's glorious partnership of pin and pearls**

The lavish splendour of MY FAIR LADY, captured in a breathtaking, double-strand necklace of fabulous simulated* pearls so rich and rare you'll treasure them always! Any of the exquisite pins—set with brilliants—can be attached to the specially designed clasp, creating an opulently Edwardian effect. Wear the VENDÔME pin and pearls as this fair lady does, in three beautiful ways! (And what an unforgettable gift!)

15"-16" necklace with pin, \$10; 20"-21" necklace with pin, \$12.50; 24"-25" necklace with pin, \$15; 29"-30" necklace with pin, \$17.50. Plus federal tax. All with matching earrings. AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE, VENDÔME INC., 47 WEST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK



Relive the Magic



The Original Sound Track Recording On Columbia Records 



Apple-green Silk. Always in season. Any place in the world. Only Silk is Silk.
DePinna, New York; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.; I. Magnin, West Coast.
International Silk Association (U.S.A.), 185 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York.

ONLY SILK IS SILK



GOLDEN AUTUMN—BRILLIANT, TENDER...FALL'S OWN FRAGRANCE



GOLDEN AUTUMN COLOGNE PARFUMÉE, SPRAY MIST, PERFUME, DUSTING POWDER

NO **LIPSTICK** LETDOWN
hour after hour after hour



Inner Circle
True Color
Lipsticks

dermetics®
beauty designers

Here, at last, a lipstick with not a trace of stain or indelible dyes — yet, a lipstick with color that remains true and unchanging as long as you wear it. Gone, at last, such beauty-marring irritants as pigment particles, untested perfume and all tendency to “turn” or streak. To these distinctive benefits Dermetics® adds texture imparting the moist look of youthful softness. In fashion’s newest shades. In a silver and gold Florentine finish case. 3.50 (plus tax)

Inner Circle™ / © 1964 Turner Hall Corp.



**This is Naked Wool...
the beautiful paradox
of air-cooled warmth
that keeps you in
an ideal climate all winter.**



**Naked Wool...
warming where it's cold,
cooling where it's hot.
Beautiful paradox.**

For winter—Naked Wool, newly arrived in the weightless state. Dresses of pure wool, shorn of needless weight, with all wool's natural sensitivity to body temperature left intact. Reacting like a thermostat to the ups and downs of the mercury



through the ins and outs of a city winter. Warming you where it's cold, airily cooling you where it's hot. The beautiful paradox. Wear Naked Wool fashions now, under a coat. Later, as is, outdoors.

Indoors, wear Naked Wool peeled down to bare facts. Until Naked Wool you never felt so comfortable. You never looked so fresh. You could never take winter so lightly. Here and on the next three pages: Naked Wool fashions—winter's small wonders.

Naked Wool Dresses: left, by Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman; right, by Morty Sussman for Jobère. You'll find them at the stores listed on page 67.



**Naked Wool...
cooling where it's hot,
warming where it's cool.
Beautiful paradox.**



Blowing in with the north wind, this incredible new breed of wools. The naked ones. Dresses of new naked wools. With fluid, floating fabrics woven of pure wool spun thin as air.

Keeping you serene in overheated living rooms, generating a gentle heat to warm you when you go outdoors. That's the genius of Naked Wool. Adaptable by nature, beautiful, versatile, exciting, it's wool more naked now than the day it was born, to free you by day, by night from winter's swaddling clothes.

Naked Wool Dresses: left-hand page, both by Philippe Tournaye for Rembrandt; right-hand page, by Laurence Gross. You'll find them at the stores listed on page 67.



Naked Wool...
the beautiful paradox of weightless warmth
that keeps you in an ideal climate,
night and day, all winter.

*Naked Wool Dress by Bill Smith
for Roban, Inc. You'll find it at the
stores listed at right.*

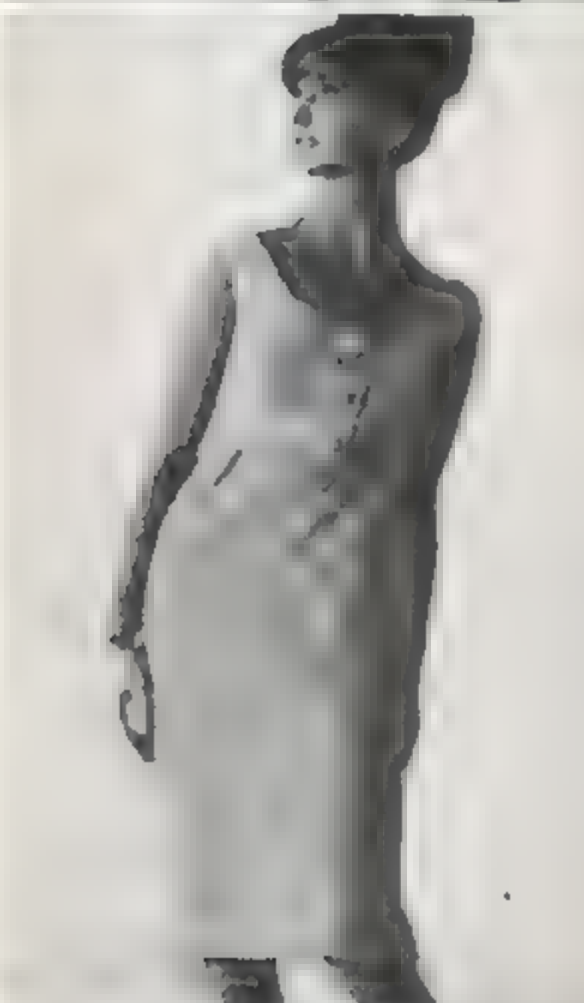
Naked Wool...the bare facts



Naked Wool Dress
by Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman.
Easy skirt, cowl necked top in Yuma Naked
Wool crepe worsted. Chartreuse, pale blue,
black, or red. Sizes 6-14. About \$90.

May-D & F, Denver
Rich's, Atlanta
Stix, Baer & Fuller Co., St. Louis
Woolf Brothers, Kansas City
Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh
Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington,
D.C.
Z.C.M.I., Salt Lake City
Hudson's, Detroit
The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland

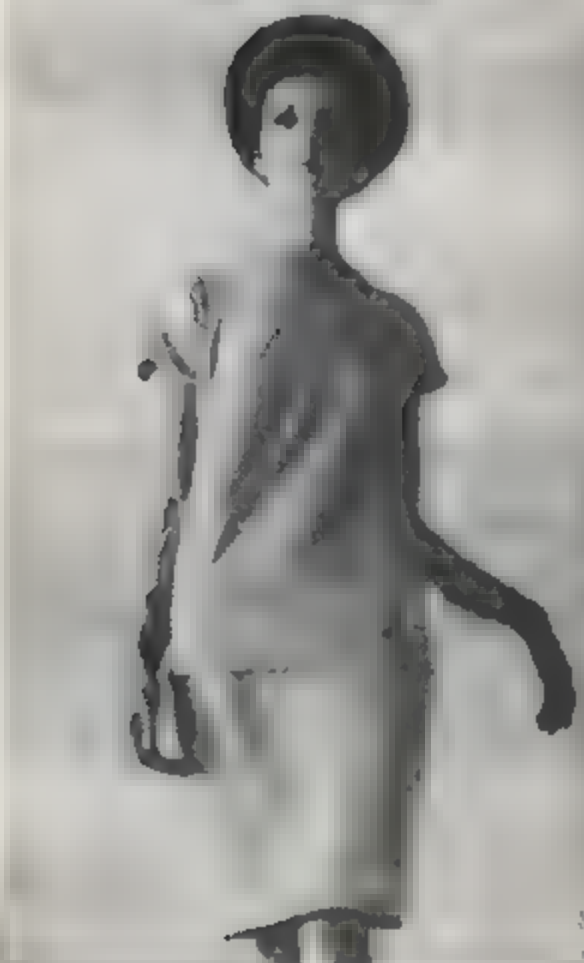
Lazarus, Columbus
Hochschild, Kohn, Baltimore
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago
Thalhimer's, Richmond
Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman,
New York
Jordan Marsh, Boston
Meier & Frank Co., Portland and
Salem
I. Magnin & Co., California and
Washington



Naked Wool Dress
by Morty Sussman for Jobère.
Two piece empire with low scoop neck in
Hockanum Naked Wool crepe. Cabachon
green, shocking pink, white, black, or yellow.
Sizes 6-16. About \$100.

May-D & F, Denver
Stix, Baer & Fuller Co., St. Louis
Woolf Brothers, Kansas City
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago
Thalhimer's, Richmond
Plaza Collection at
Bergdorf Goodman, New York

Meier & Frank Co., Portland and
Salem
Z.C.M.I., Salt Lake City
I. Magnin & Co., California and
Washington



Naked Wool Dress
by Philippe Tournaye for Rembrandt.
Long torso tunic top, wrap-around skirt in
Or de Laine Naked Wool crepe.
Putty beige, navy, greige, or teal blue.
Sizes 6-14. About \$90.

May-D & F, Denver
Rich's, Atlanta
Stix, Baer & Fuller Co., St. Louis
Woolf Brothers, Kansas City
Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh
Thalhimer's, Richmond
Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.
Hudson's, Detroit

Lazarus, Columbus
Hochschild, Kohn, Baltimore
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago
Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman,
New York
Meier & Frank Co., Portland and Salem
Z.C.M.I., Salt Lake City
I. Magnin & Co., California and
Washington



Naked Wool Dress
by Philippe Tournaye for Rembrandt.
Elegantly sleeved shift gently moulded in
Or de Laine Naked Wool. Peach, kelly,
oatmeal, or black. Sizes 6-14. About \$70.

May-D & F, Denver
Rich's, Atlanta
Stix, Baer & Fuller Co., St. Louis
Woolf Brothers, Kansas City
Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh
Thalhimer's, Richmond
Jordan Marsh, Boston
Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington,
D.C.
Hudson's, Detroit

Lazarus, Columbus
Hochschild, Kohn, Baltimore
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago
Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman,
New York
Meier & Frank Co., Portland and
Salem
Z.C.M.I., Salt Lake City
I. Magnin & Co., California and
Washington



Naked Wool Dress by Laurence Gross.
Almost fitted shift topped off with shirred
bow in Forstmann Naked Wool crepe.
Peach, chartreuse, or blue.
Sizes 6-14. About \$60.

May-D & F, Denver
Rich's, Atlanta
Stix, Baer & Fuller Co., St. Louis
Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh
Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington,
D.C.
Hudson's, Detroit

The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland
Lazarus, Columbus
Thalhimer's, Richmond
Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman,
New York
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago
I. Magnin & Co., California and
Washington



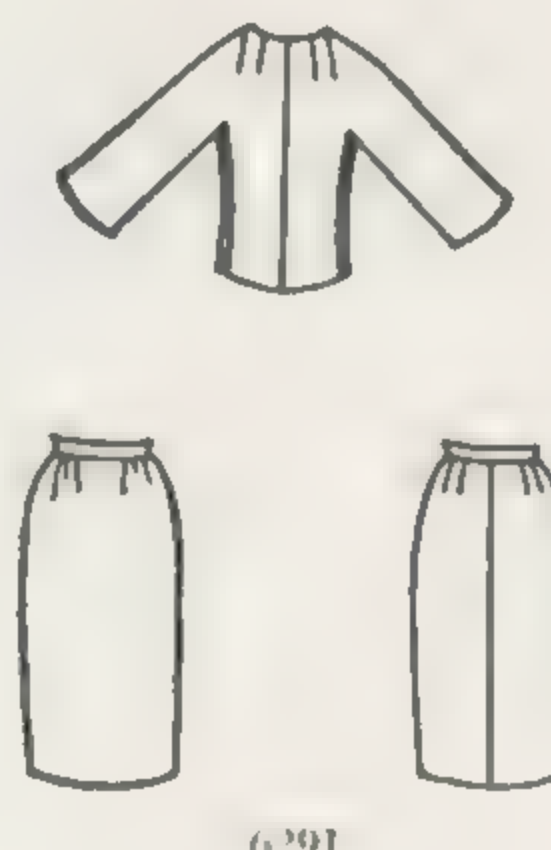
Naked Wool Dress
by Bill Smith for Roban, Inc.
Low belted blouson with cowl draped neck
in Yuma Naked Wool Crepe worsted.
Cerisier rose, chartreuse, or white.
Misses sizes 2-14; Junior sizes 3-15.
About \$65.

May-D & F, Denver
Stix, Baer & Fuller Co., St. Louis
The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago
Thalhimer's, Richmond

Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman
New York
Jordan Marsh, Boston
I. Magnin & Co., California and
Washington

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Backviews, sizes, yardages
of Patterns on page 102)



Above: Two-piece silk dress;
yoked overblouse, easy skirt.
Vogue Pattern 6291. Sizes 10-18.
Size 14 requires 4¼ yards of 35-
inch fabric without nap. \$1.50. In
Canada, \$1.65.

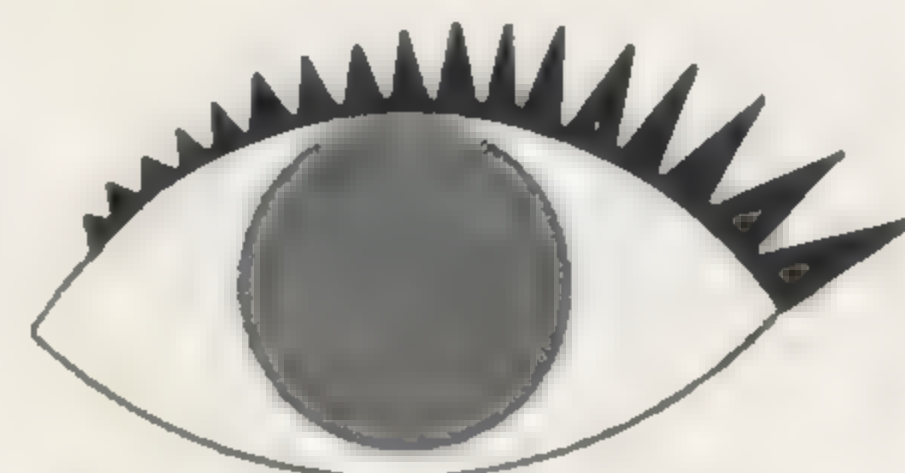


Above: Double-breasted coat
dress. Vogue Pattern 6313. Sizes
10-16. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards
of 54-inch fabric without nap. Op-
tional band and tie. \$1.50. In
Canada: \$1.65.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPOR-
TANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM
VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, AL-
TOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX
4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST
CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH
PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND
PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.

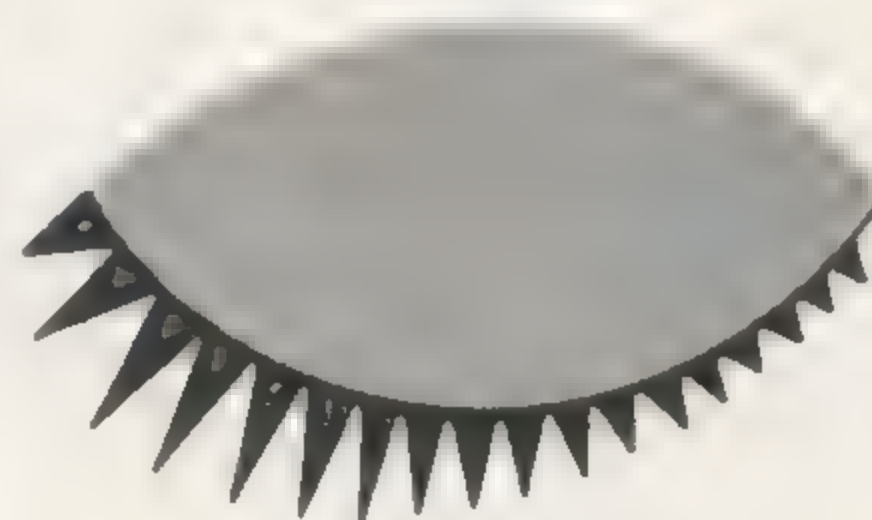
AZIZA

TAKES THE GUESSWORK
OUT OF EYE MAKE-UP



**What color mascara
should you wear?**

It depends on the color of your
eyes. As a general rule, the most
becoming mascara for you to
wear is the one with your own
eye color in it. Or, if
you'd like to make
the most of an excit-
ing new outfit, try
matching your mas-
cara to it. Aziza not
only brings you 10
eye-flattering colors
in Brush-On Mas-
cara, but helps you
choose the shades
best for you. See
the "Guide to Eye
Beauty,"* page 24.



**Is there a trick
to eye shadow?**

Yes—remember it is shadow, and
looks best in muted tones. To
"set" shadow, use a gentle dust-
ing of powder be-
tween two coats of
shadow. For real
ease of application,
use Aziza Creme Eye
Shadow Stick, in the
no-fuss swivel case.
Tricks for your eye-
type start on page 12
of the "Guide to Eye
Beauty."*



*Only Aziza gives you a
24-page "Guide to Eye Beauty"
in every eye make-up package.

Aziza EYE COSMETICS
BY PRINCE MATCHABELLI

The boot that hoots at weather...

Stocking of Du Pont ORLON® acrylic



*Du Pont's registered trademark for its man-made polymeric

...in
CORFAM®

GOLO'S go-anywhere boot for clear days or cloudy. Sleek, slim and incredibly lightweight because it's of CORFAM*, the remarkable new shoe upper material from Du Pont. Wonderful, any clime, any time. Rain, snow, mud, sand simply wipe off CORFAM. Soft, supple CORFAM b-r-e-a-t-h-e-s for comfort, keeps feet glad no matter how bad things are underfoot. Get into your multi-duty, new, beauty boots and go. *There's a new way of life afoot in CORFAM!*



Better Things for Better Living...through Chemistry

GOLO's new boot, about \$30.00 at: Henri Bendel, New York; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.; Shillito's, Cincinnati; Sakowitz, Houston.



NINETY-EIGHT
Luxury Sedan
BY OLDSMOBILE



Presenting Ninety-Eight for 1965: Oldsmobile's finest takes on a new air of elegance

DISCOVER THE PACIFIC TODAY

Tokyo/Hong Kong/Hawaii



by Peter Griffith

Today it's easier to discover the fascinating sights and sounds of the Pacific than ever before. And much more pleasant. Because you can now enjoy all the comforts of Hilton. Exotic local décor...air-conditioned luxury...superb local and international cuisine...friendly Hilton service.

Calm Center in Tokyo's Whirl

From your room at the Tokyo Hilton you view the rooftops of Tokyo. You have a tranquil haven in the new Akasaka district, the neighborhood of fabulous night clubs and Japanese tea-houses. But hop a cab, and in five minutes you're on the bustling Ginza.



Go no farther than the hotel's Japanese Garden to have tea in the gracious manner. Just beyond, visit the famous Hie Shrine on Sanno Hill, home of Tokyo's protecting deity since feudal times. Then back to the hotel to relax in the swimming pool or the Japanese steam bath. Sample Oriental delicacies in the Japanese restaurant—or superb Kobe beef in the Keyaki Grill Room.

You're bound to want at least one evening out, for Kabuki theater and the exciting night life of Tokyo. But you'll find that even here, in the night club capital of the world, the Tokyo Hilton's Star Hill Club is



already famous for superlative service, food and music. Speaking of clubs, don't forget your golf sticks. The courses around Tokyo (and around Hong Kong and Hawaii) are some of the finest in the world.

Rooms at the Tokyo Hilton start as low as \$10 a day single, \$13.90 double.

Highspot in Hong Kong

The Hongkong Hilton towers over the heart of the fabulous city they call the Pearl of the Orient. Its 25th floor Eagle's Nest Supper Club gives you a breathtaking view of the harbor...then you can explore it in the hotel's own 110-foot brigantine—and cruise to a quaint Chinese fishing village with the fine old Scottish name of Aberdeen. Just a few steps away from the hotel is the famous tramway to Victoria Peak, highest point on Hong Kong Island.

You'll find the Hongkong Hilton a fascinating blend of East and West. The Grill Room is staunchly American, the Jade Lotus Room richly Oriental. There's an Oriental Garden, a Dragon Boat Bar, an exotic underground bar called The Den...and an 80-

foot garden swimming pool.

Hong Kong, as you know, is one of the great bargain shopping centers of the world. Fifty of its finest free-port shops have branches right in the Hongkong Hilton's air-conditioned arcade. You'll find everything you can think of—and probably a lot more.

Expensive? As little as \$10 a day single, \$14 double.

Sunshine Stopover in Honolulu

On your way to the Orient, or back, or both, break your journey at the Hilton Hawaiian Village. (You can stop over on most airlines.) It's the world's beachiest hotel, on sweeping, secluded Duke Kahanamoku beach at Waikiki. And catamaran cruises, outrigger canoes, water-skiing, surfboarding and skin-diving are only part of the fun.

The Hilton Hawaiian Village is also a gourmet's paradise, with exotic cuisine and entertainment in its Oriental, Polynesian and international restaurants and night clubs. You can live in a lanai right on the beach, or in a soaring, air-conditioned tower, with breathtaking views of Diamond Head and the ocean from your terrace. All this...and all of Honolulu to explore as well. And rates starting as low as \$14 a day single, \$16 double.



Write now for color brochures of all these hotels, plus full details, to Peter Griffith, Hilton Hotels International, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York 22, N.Y.

For reservations, see your travel agent, or call any Hilton Hotel or Hilton Reservation Office (see telephone directory). At all Hilton International Hotels, charges can be paid for on your Carte Blanche Credit Card or Hilton Credit Identification Card.

GO INTERNATIONAL...WITH ALL THE COMFORTS OF HILTON

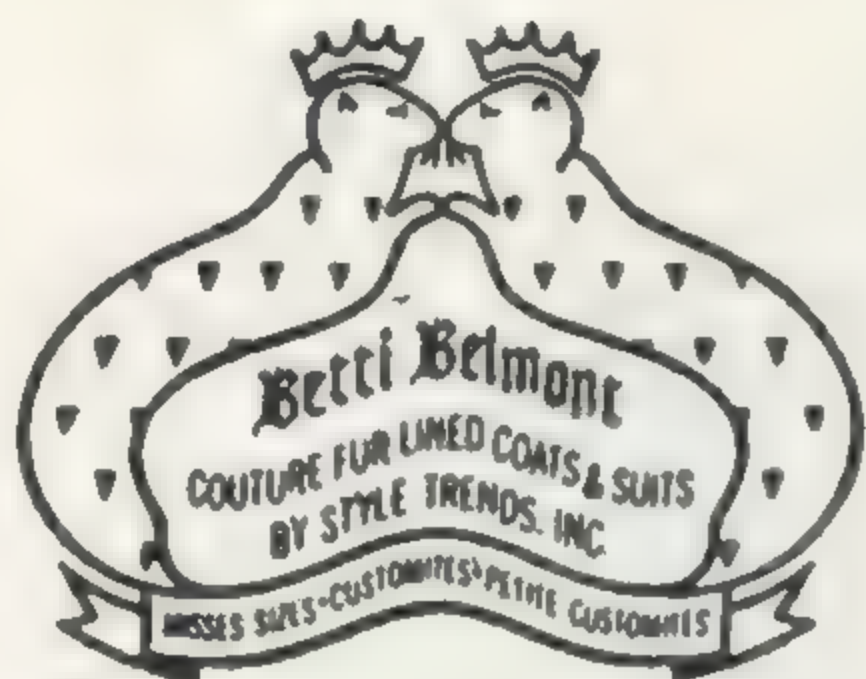


Gilt Complex? Try Tigress.

SYMPTOMS: Lips shimmer with **Gold Lip Glacé** over bonfiery new **Tigress Lipstick**...nails glitter with **Gilded Ceramic Glaze** over **Tigress Nail Glacé**...eyes sparkle with **Antique Gold Eye Colour**. You... throb to the uninhibited jungle beat of tantalizing **Tigress Parfum Extraordinaire**, made in France by

Fabergé

Fashion Tip from



Fashion Air Tip from



Cigars



Luxuriate in elegance
in this tawny tan
imported mohair tweed,
lavishly lined
with natural nutria.

Style Trends, Inc.

Bonwit Teller • Neiman Marcus, Dallas, Tex. • Blum's Vogue, Chicago, Ill. • Harzfeld's, Kansas City, Mo. • L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
or write: Style Trends Inc., 512 Seventh Ave., New York 18, N.Y.



Renaissance blazer. Italian double knit. 100% wool. In cranberry, navy, black or white. Circa \$55. By Burma Bibas, Inc.

Hail.
Oleg Cassini,
Fall MCMLXIV.
He has revived
the rose
and the rogue.
Knighthood may
flower anew.
Chivalry may
shine forth.
For Mr. C. challenged
bourgeois raiment.
He dared. And did
The Renaissance Look.
Seeth here.
Proceedeth onward.



Above, Renaissance gauntlet. Gold brocade cuffs, fine black cotton. Circa \$10. By Dawnelle, Inc. Below, Renaissance pillowslips and matching sheets. 9 yards of lace. Six color choices. The set, circa \$25. By Oleg Cassini Linens. Right, Renaissance sun spectacles. Oleg's Choice, circa \$13. Famous Welder's Mask, circa \$25. By Oculens.



Be it known:
all fashion and
accessories
herewith and
preceding
were personally
selected
by Oleg Cassini
as exciting
exemplification of
The Renaissance Look.
Seeketh, at
noble stores
everywhere.



The Renaissance Look, male: Charcoal cashmere sports coat. Circa \$95. Charcoal luxury worsted trousers. Circa \$35. Oleg Cassini trousers and sports coats by **Philip Morris Originals Ltd.** Renaissance silk ties. From \$6.50 to \$15. By **Burma Bibas, Inc.** Renaissance accessories: all by **Hickok**. Jewel sets from \$10 to \$35. Belts from \$7.50 to \$100. Wallets from \$12.50 to \$25. Oleg Cassini Cologne 4 oz., circa \$5.



Above, Renaissance lace stockings. Circa \$1.50. By **Oleg Cassini Hosiery**. Right, Renaissance jewels. Opera length wrap-around of blue baroque simulated pearls. 30 in. Circa \$12. The Pinwheel pin. Circa \$6. Matching earclips. Circa \$6. By **Oleg Cassini Fashion Jewelry**.



Left, Renaissance P.M. The lamé cut-away and bared dress. Circa \$125. By Oleg Cassini Young America. The Renaissance stockings. By Oleg Cassini Hosiery.

Below, Renaissance, personal. Peignoir, lace sleeves over nylon tricot. Circa \$20. Plunge bra, hand-clipped lace over print. Stretch lace top, fibertill cups. Circa \$8. "Lycra"™ high-rise girdle. Circa \$19. All by Peter Pan Foundations.



DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK.



Below, Renaissance boot. Red antelope, matching kid trim. Also in black. Circa \$24. By The House of Cassini Shoe Co. Far Right, Renaissance, at leisure. Wool tweed overblouse. Pink Italian Velveteen pants. 8 to 16. Circa \$55. By Oleg Cassini Sportswear.



THE HOUSE OF CASSINI





Left, Renaissance swimmer. Tri-tone maillot sheath of stretch nylon. Bottle green, white, chartreuse; black, white, yellow or navy, white, maltese. Circa \$28. In two-piece style, circa \$24. By Peter Pan Swimwear.

Below, Renaissance coat of Saga mink. Transforms to street length with a zip. Hooded in the same manner. Circa \$6,000 plus tax. By Oleg Cassini Furs.



THE HOUSE OF CASSINI



Look risqué from
the ankles down

with a touch of pure lizardry from **Risqué**.

Teardrop underlays of bogus baby lizard contrast with smooth polished calf uppers. Cunningly carried off by Risqué in brown or black. Also suede with matching kid inserts. From Risqué, a division of Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis. **12.99**. Other styles, 6.99 to 13.99. Higher Denver west.


QUALITY AT YOUR FEET®



A woman with blonde hair is standing on a small, ornate, classical-style pedestal. She is wearing a long, black, sleeveless gown with a deep V-neckline and lace detailing along the sides. The background is a dark, textured grey.

Formfit  **Rogers**

puts you on a pedestal

... where you can tantalize and scandalize in this dazzling gown that makes you look like a woman should. Stretch lace side inserts let you plunge baringly - daringly! We call it "Madame X." Choose from wicked black, be-deviled red and siren green in sizes 32 to 40. Gown in nylon tricot, \$15. Other Formfit/Rogers dream fashions up to \$50. Formfit/Rogers, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10036, a Fashion Division of GENESCO 



COTY 'AIRSPUN' CREAM POWDER



This teeny little thing is loaded
(The Duette by Coty)

COTY '24' LIPSTICK



Here's all you'll ever need when you want to sneak on a face...anytime, anyplace. You get 'Airspun' Cream Powder Compact Make-up for a perfect complexion. There's a shade that's made for you. And look again! There's a full-sized Coty '24' lipstick—longlasting, luscious, alarmingly flattering. Choose from a range of 42 delicious colors. Refillable in both compact make-up and lipstick. Pretty little thing, isn't it? And so organized.

DUETTE COMPACT AVAILABLE IN BLACK, PEARLIZED WHITE, OR GOLD-TONE METAL. ©COTY, 1984

DUETTE BY
COTY



By Loungees. Left: slim, floor-length robe with satin scrolling. Flame, blue, burgundy or moss green. 10 to 20. About \$23. Right: empire look with satin sash. Moss green, flame or blue. 7 to 15. About \$20. Both with the soft, cozy warmth of Arnel. Hand-washable brushed fleece of Arnel triacetate and nylon. At Lord & Taylor, New York & branches; Bullock's Downtown, Los Angeles; Burdine's, Miami; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; Rich's, Atlanta.

You don't need a fireside

ROBES SHOWN ON THESE THREE PAGES ALSO AVAILABLE AT THESE STORES (BUT NOT ALL STYLES AT ALL STORES)

ARIZONA: Steinfeld's. CALIFORNIA: Bullock's, Downtown & San Fernando Valley; Hinshaw's, Arcadia & Whittier. COLORADO: Kaufman's. CONNECTICUT: The Edw. Malley Co., Sage-Allen. DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA: Woodward & Lothrop. FLORIDA: Burdine's, Ivey's of Orlando. GEORGIA: Rich's. KENTUCKY: H. P. Selman. LOUISIANA: L. S. Godchaux Co. MARYLAND: Stewart &



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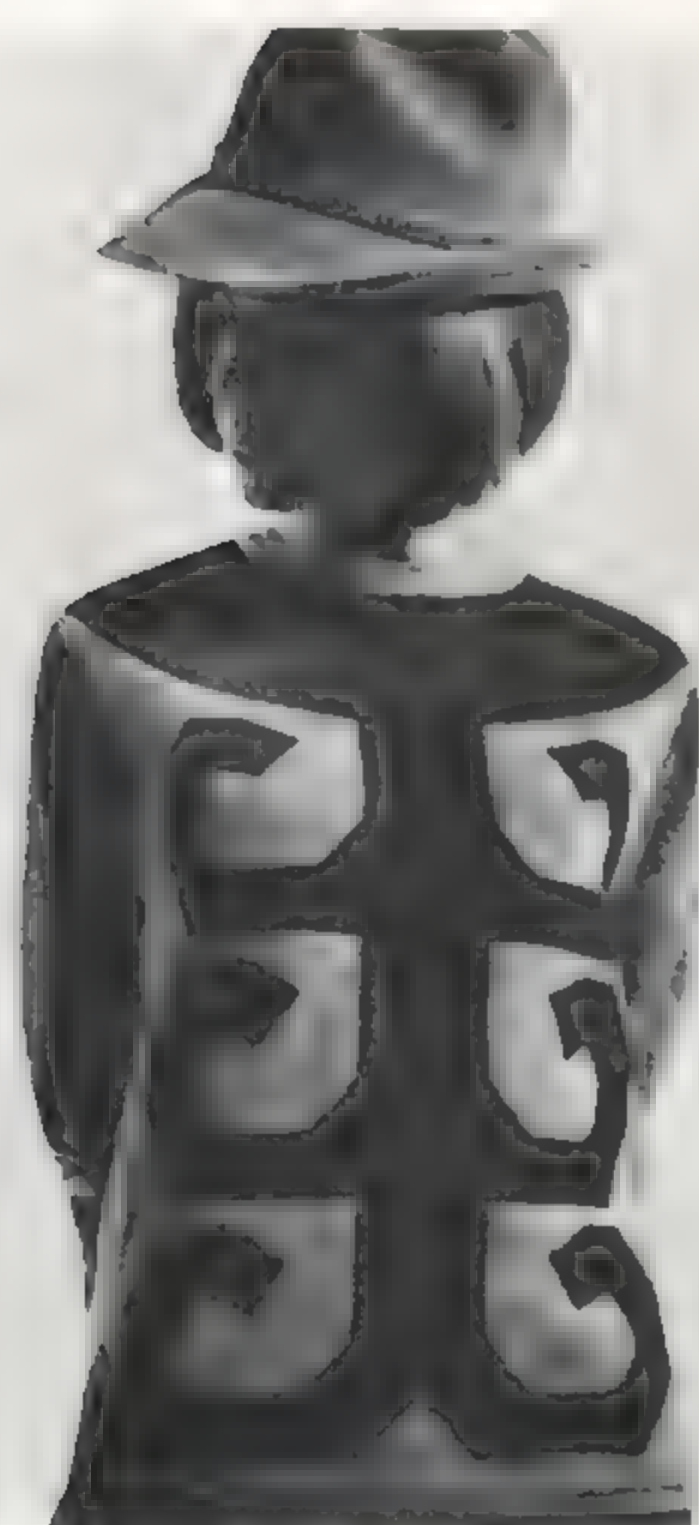
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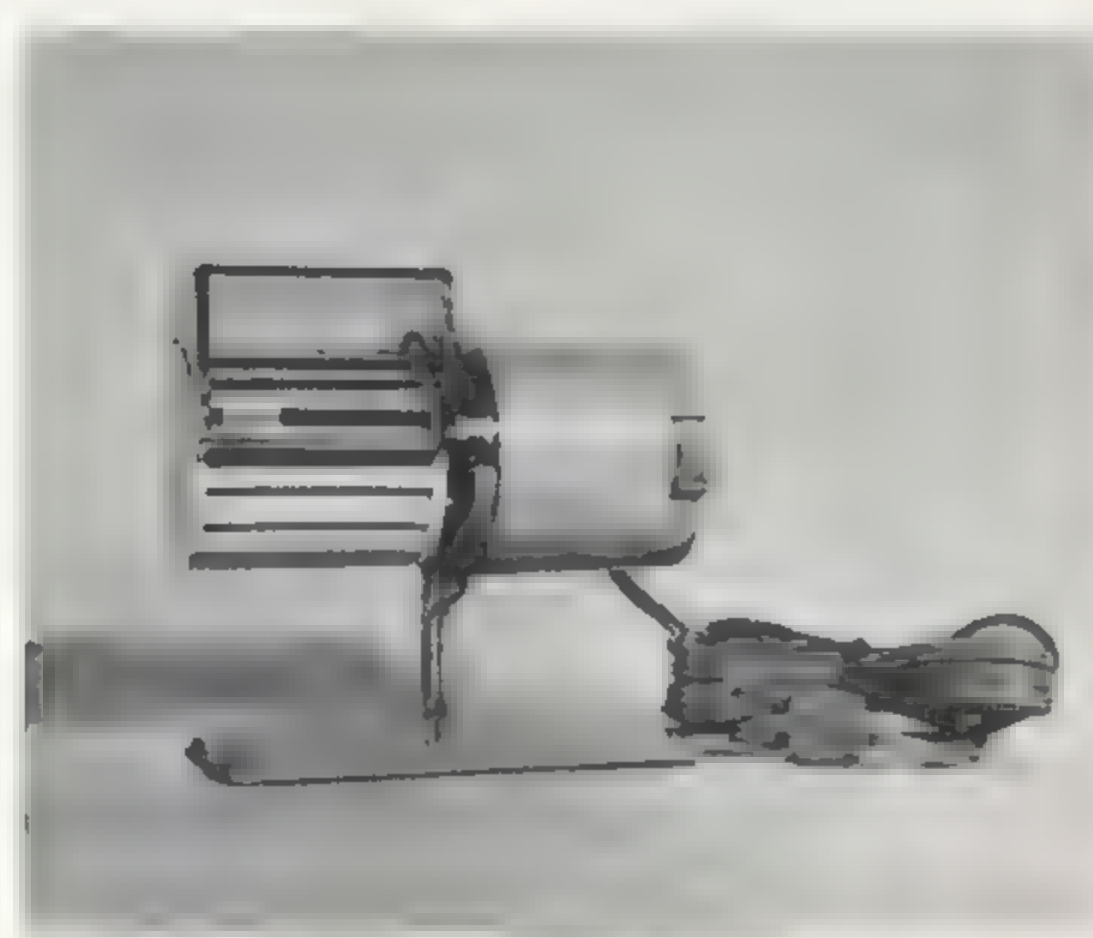
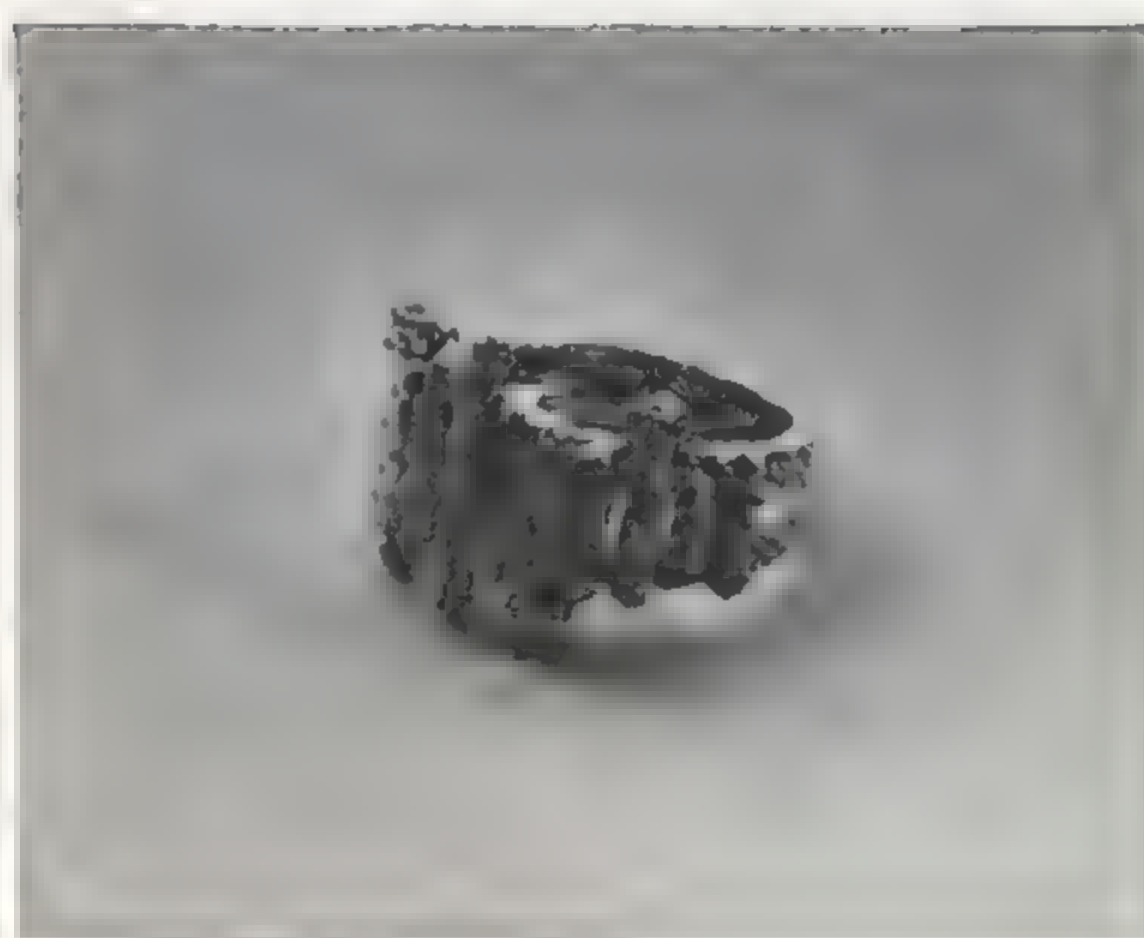
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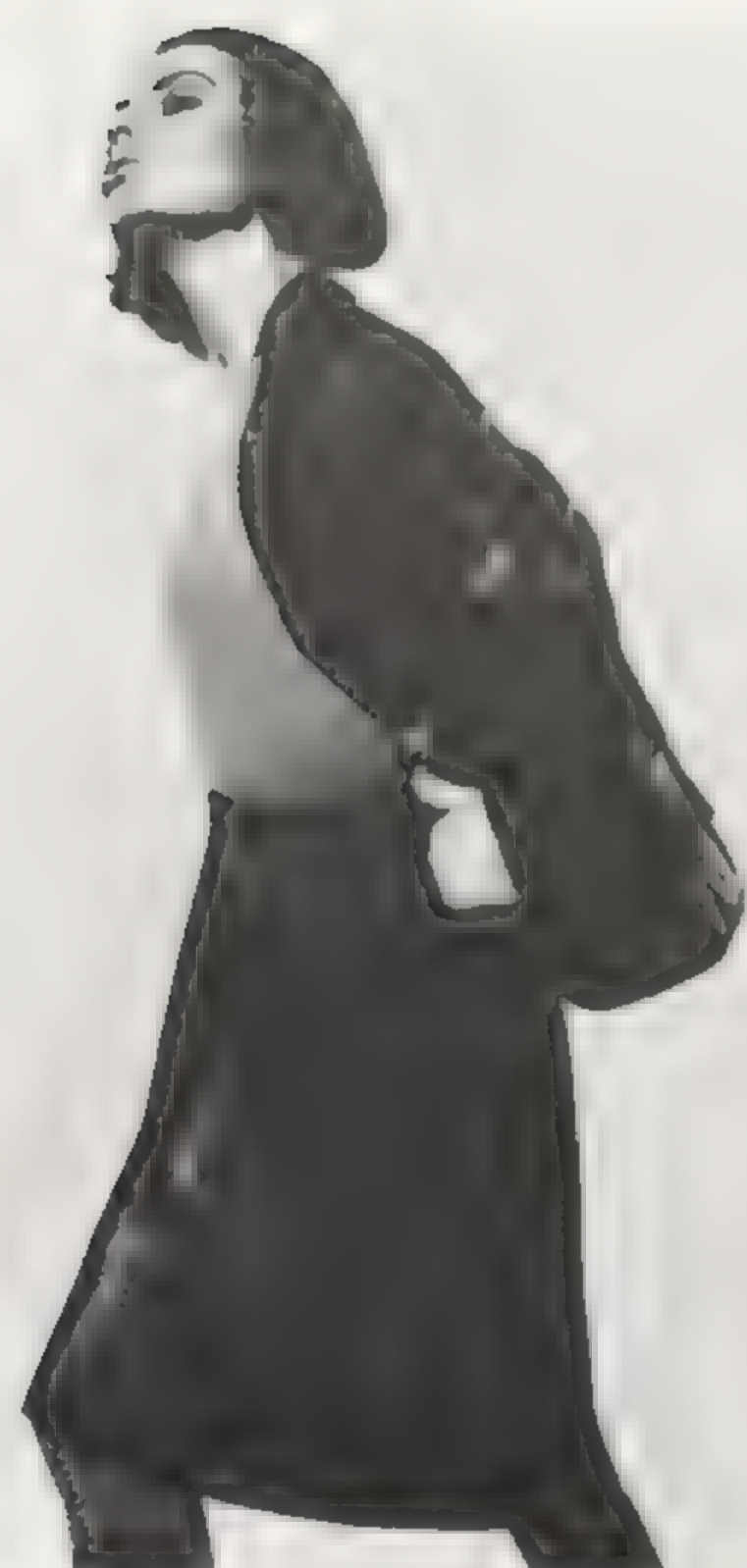
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travel

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

CALIFORNIA—Mendocino's Olympian charge

Even before I went to Mendocino, that savage and beautiful county in northern California, I liked Mendocino for the sound of its lyrical name. By going to Mendocino, seven hours away from San Francisco by car, I had to give up a glittering San Francisco opera evening. In contrast to opera, the absolute silence of the redwood forests was eloquent. Not even birds sang in the Olympian splendour. Twigs, fallen needles, ferns, and moss absorbed sound, made a deep acoustical matting. The soft bark of the immense trees, working like heavy curtains in a dining room, deadened the voices of people. The forest's darkness was grotto-like, almost eerie, and quite unlike the slick postcards I'd seen. When Vogue's photographer went there to shoot the country clothes shown in this issue on pages 170 to 179, he found the vast redwood forests difficult to photograph, the naked trunks rising like Doric columns beyond the range of the camera's eye. Fleecy fog blowing off the Pacific blankets the peaks of trees, mists the branches.

Whenever a sudden noise, sounding for a few seconds like a fierce crackling of firewood, interrupted the deep, almost subterranean silence, it meant a redwood had crumbled. Then, the air clouds up with dust, and the usually odourless forest smells like concentrated pine-needle bath oil. To see the forest of the Union Lumber Company, over two hundred thousand acres of redwoods, visitors pay a small fee for the tour of the tree farm, as these commercial forests are called. The company's sightseeing train, a buttercup-yellow machine, is endearingly called The Skunk. On its daily forty-mile journey, crisscrossing the Noyo River, blue as blue eyes, sometimes green as marbles, the train stops for deliveries at remote camps where the friendly conductor quadruples as milkman, mailman, newsboy, and deliverer of babies' cribs.

Logging crews, looking like surgeons in consultation as they study the problem of felling a redwood, wear the company's forest-green uniforms and high boots much like army artillery boots. Huge trucks, like slow-moving monsters, crawl through the forest loaded with logs laid out like the corpses of warriors. With macabre fascination I watched these logs enter the mills and come out—within minutes—converted into mill-size lengths, widths, thicknesses.

In the company's general store I found the marvellous striped ticking shirts—best in grey and white—with zippered closing which I had seen on the lumbermen. The store's redwood panelling came as no surprise, but I liked especially the old-fashioned upstairs gallery, from which I could look down on the counters, brilliantly neon lighted.

Mendocino's wildflowers are dazzling. In untamed abundance they bloom fiercely along the highway, on the fringe of forests, as well as on the Cyclops-sized rocky cliffs of the Pacific. Enormous eucalyptus trees seem to slide down to the water's edge, and salt-washed Douglas firs rise ghost-like above the steady Pacific rollers. I remember with delight the marvellous hard sand behind the Hi-Seas Motel, standing on a not-too-high cliff, and rocks lavishly draped with flowers—particularly, the orange ones with startling purple centres. Short-stemmed and sturdy, they bloomed stubbornly on sand—as well as on grass thick as bristles on a brush.

The Victorian charm of the small town of Mendocino has already been filmed. The monumental tear-jerker *Johnny Belinda*, was shot there, plus several scenes of *East of Eden* and of *Frenchman's Creek*. In the morning and late afternoon when the fog settled, I felt its *Wuthering Heights* charge. (Mist was disastrous for my hair, but great on my face, the way a wet Japanese towel feels on a summer day.)

At night, after a day in the glorious redwoods, eating the delicious local salmon at The Wharf, a restaurant on stilts at Noyo, the nearby small fishing port, I found the flickering lights, salt-licked fishing boats, small bars, plus "people" came as a wallop of reality.

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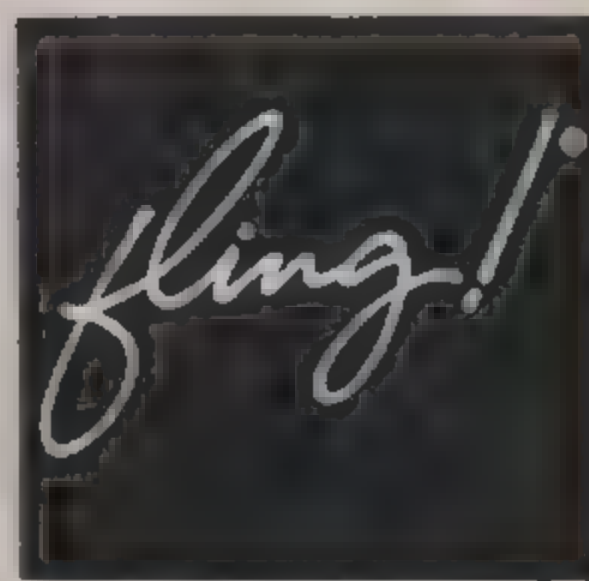
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those
black
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theatre

BY HENRY POPKIN

IN LONDON: *The Persecution and Assassination of Marat As Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade.*


This extraordinary play by Peter Weiss has been performed, so far, in West Berlin, where it is an abstract, almost balletic exercise in reason, and in London, where it is an energetic, agonizing exercise in passion and madness. Written in German by a former Berliner who has lived for the last twenty-five years in Sweden, *The Persecution, etc.* is partially summarized by its title. It is cast in the form of one of those dramas that the Marquis de Sade was permitted to stage when, in Napoleonic times, he was confined to a lunatic asylum. Highlights from the life of Marat, the French revolutionary, are presented, concluding with his death at the hands of Charlotte Corday. The sadistic Marquis comments on the action, and so do Marat, the superintendent of the asylum, a lunatic major-domo, a quartet of clownish revolutionaries, and various resident madmen.

At first glance, the play seems as mad as its setting. Attention shifts haphazardly from Marat to his assassin, from the Marquis to the major-domo, from the superintendent to his off-stage master, Napoleon; meanwhile, the madmen contrive to enact a number of insanities, especially the revolutionary and Napoleonic lunacies. But it is soon clear that only two views count; our two centres of attention are the cynicism of the Marquis and Marat's revolutionary philosophy.

The two conventional patriots, Napoleon and Charlotte Corday, are equally impossible, and their values can safely be dismissed. In the Berlin production, the assassin is a prim parody of maidenhood; in London, she is more straightforwardly insane. Napoleon, represented on stage by the elegant superintendent and his guests, has made the Revolution tiresomely respectable; in the design of the play, he stands for the sorry end of the Revolution, and so his very existence scores a point against Marat.

The Marquis and Marat are the two archetypal adversaries, the Yogi (a very peculiar Yogi, to be sure) and the Commissar of their time, the shrewd cynic and the dedicated revolutionary. The ideas they jointly embody are familiar, indeed platitudinous. The play surely says that the truth lies somewhere between them. Human nature is as mad as the Marquis says it is, and the threat of a Napoleon is terrible, but, still, we have an obligation to change the world. The play owes its great distinction to its complex interweaving of madness, play-acting, and ideas.

Above all, it is theatrical, and that is why it has aroused so much interest everywhere. Directing it in London, Peter Brook has achieved a symphonic effect, drawing out of his actors a writhing, shouting, singing, passionate festival of madness and compelling them to apply all the lessons in controlled and uncontrolled lunacy that he taught them during their recent exercises in the Theatre of Cruelty. What is most astonishing about this astonishing production is that we see a whole stage full, not of extras, but of actors, each of them performing with an inspired, lunatic intensity that tells us he considers the play to depend entirely upon him. The stars are distinguishable from the supporting players primarily by the greater length of their parts, but that fact does not excuse me from complimenting in particular Patrick Magee's strangely sad, tender Marquis and Glenda Jackson's manic Charlotte Corday. Sally Jacobs' set, representing the bath house at Charenton, is dotted with dangerous pits into which actors occasionally disappear; it is ingenious, complex, and always interesting to the eyes. Mrs. Jacobs, whose work I first saw two years ago when she was doing wonders with a small budget for a seventeenth-century revival, has quickly risen to the first rank of England's stage designers. And Brook leaves no doubt that he belongs in the first rank of the world's directors.

A woman with shoulder-length brown hair is the central figure, wearing a dark, high-collared fur coat cinched at the waist with a wide belt. She stands in a zoo enclosure, with a wooden fence and lush greenery behind her. In the background, several lions are visible, including one standing prominently in the middle ground. The scene is set outdoors with trees and foliage visible in the distance.

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Crane's FINE PAPERS


books

BY JEAN STAFFORD

THE WORDS, "a game of hide-and-seek"

In his new book, *The Words* (George Braziller), Sartre is arresting, sometimes nearly captivating, and in the end, nerve-racking. This meditation on the reading of his childhood and his acquisition of "the bump of literature" and his beginning to write should be, one feels, if not tutorial, or historically factual, or personally revealing, at least suggestive of these three qualities. But the feeling one has at last is that one has had an invitation to meet someone celebrated and controversial and fascinating at a small dinner party in his own house, and while the meal has been elegantly appointed and impeccably served, one can not remember a single dish one ate; and while the heirlooms and souvenirs and trophies have been visible in the drawing room, one leaves remembering not so much as whether there were flowers in the vases. It is not that one finishes *The Words* without multitudinous impressions and admiring recollections of stunningly clever feats of legerdemain, and stars of wit, and glades of charm, but that essentially one has been made a fool of in a game of hide-and-seek with an adversary who is a much bigger boy.

To anyone who was a child of imagination in the early decades of this century, much in *The Words* will be immediately and joyfully recognized: the fusty air and vaporous light and the piano that "whinnied away" in early movie houses and the magic bogus melodramas on the screen that confounded themselves with the equally magic trash of the thrillers that ran as serials in weekly papers, and with everything else, good and bad, one greedily read. And anyone, born at any time, who wrote as a child, will see himself when Sartre, admitting that he dodged the instructive digressions in Jules Verne and in Boussenard, also admits that in his own work he imitated them, larding his narrative with indigestible matter from Larousse—"I meant to teach my contemporaries everything that I didn't know: the customs of the Fuegians, the flora of Africa, the climate of the desert." And like all child writers, he plagiarized cold-bloodedly. After his first public pride had waned, he became clandestine and wrote for his own pleasure—perhaps this is the greatest pleasure in any writer's lifetime.

All this beguiles, and it may be impertinent to ask for more, but the adventure story of Sartre's family which is promised in the opening paragraph is, infuriatingly, never told. What could be so immediately attractive as this beginning to an autobiography: "Around 1850, in Alsace, a schoolteacher with more children than he could afford was willing to become a grocer. This unfrocked clerk wanted compensation. Since he was giving up the schooling of minds, one of his sons would school souls. There would be a minister in the family; it would be Charles. Charles stole away; he preferred to take to the road in quest of a circus rider." Charles Schweitzer, whose brother Louis begot Albert Schweitzer, became Jean-Paul Sartre's scholarly grandfather and brought up the only, fatherless child. But what of the circus rider? When the matter is mentioned again, as it is from time to time, it is put to abstruse, cerebral, metaphorical use. At first one is terribly eager to know what happened in between the romantic flight and the settling down to scholarship and academicians (Charles Schweitzer was an eminent professor of German), then one is indignant that the story is withheld, and then one doesn't care.

"It's true that I'm not a gifted writer," wrote Sartre. "I've been told so, I've been called laboured. So I am; my books reek of sweat and effort. . . . For a long time, I envied the concierges of the Rue Lacépède sitting astride their chairs when summer evenings brought them out on the sidewalk. Their innocent eyes saw without being commissioned to look." There is a suggestion of lovable suffering in his nostalgia for a simplicity he never knew, but the austere, commanding, puritanical self-importance of his statement that he is not a gifted writer (which he does not believe, and why should he?) cancels it out.



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movies

BY HENRY GELDZAHLER

FAIL SAFE, "movie version of hell"

Fail Safe is made from the best-selling novel by Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler. It is reported that \$500,000 was paid them for the rights. The result is a cheap, set-poor production that has the look of a science-fiction or prison movie of the nineteen fifties. The film is black and white and, in many of the scenes, the contrast is so extreme that what should be shadow becomes totally black silhouette. This effect is unquestionably not a matter of style but of faulty technique. The early scenes, in which the characters and situations of some of the main actors are sketched out, have an unreal quality, the slow and distant sense of the movie version of hell. We get brief glimpses of bedroom, living room, and war room activity at five-thirty in the morning in New York, Anchorage, Washington, and Omaha. These threads are barely picked up again as the pace changes and the action zeroes in on the hot line, our president (Henry Fonda) and the Russian premier, and the cockpit of a plane moving inevitably and insanely toward Moscow. We see Henry Fonda in an elevator in the White House and in a concrete bunker below it. He is always and only in a room alone with his interpreter. The sequence of the scenes makes little dramatic sense. We are constantly being filled in with boring technical detail that comes over more as information than as drama.

Fail Safe is a problem picture without vitality. It is *Dr. Strangelove* without passion, anger, or a sense of the absurd. It is an inadvertently matter-of-fact film about the possibility of total annihilation, yet it is a film without compassion, terror, or even suspense.

FATE IS THE HUNTER, "fragile"

The airplane is the dramatic vehicle in *Fate Is the Hunter* as well as in *Fail Safe*. So many American films are concerned with the airplane because, in a superficially rational society, it is the mysterious transmitter of energy (the hydrogen bomb). The romantic fantasy that change of place will alter circumstances persists; in our day the plane is the means, somehow magical, to change of place. In the airplane we are suspended between possibilities, in the grip of the un-understandable. The plane works as a metaphor for God, fate, change, process, the ever-present premonition of disaster.

Fate Is the Hunter fails as a picture because it brings these questions of life, fate, and death aggressively to the fore in a story and structure that are suited only to rather low-level entertainment. Glenn Ford, whose movie job it is to investigate an airline crash in which fifty-three people are killed, asks (as the camera moves in on him) in the hushed introspective tones of the phony interior monologue (*we* hear him), "All these people killed—Why?"

We become involved in the story several times, especially in the opening scenes when a normal flight goes slowly wrong, but each time we are brought up short by scenes that don't advance the story but are about philosophy, eternal values. The film, fragile at best, can not bear the weight. It is through story and character development, what happens to people we are made to care about, that questions of compassion and meaning can be touched on in a film-entertainment. Stopping the film for occasional discussions is deadening, polemical, and, worst sin of all, not cinematic.

As it is, *Fate Is the Hunter*, when it is allowed to, moves along nicely with its story. The photography by Milton Krasner, in black-and-white CinemaScope, is unnoticeable, transparent, invisible, and for these reasons works effectively. Only in one shot, repeated several times, do we become aware of the camera at all, and there our awareness works; the grey-white side of a plane fills the screen like *Moby Dick* and through a very small window at the upper left we see the pilot's head. The non-human scale of the plane, its control over the pilot, are well suggested in this shot as they are not in all the sententiousness about fate.

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DESERT FLOWER

SATIN FOAM

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Ponderosa.



Hacienda.



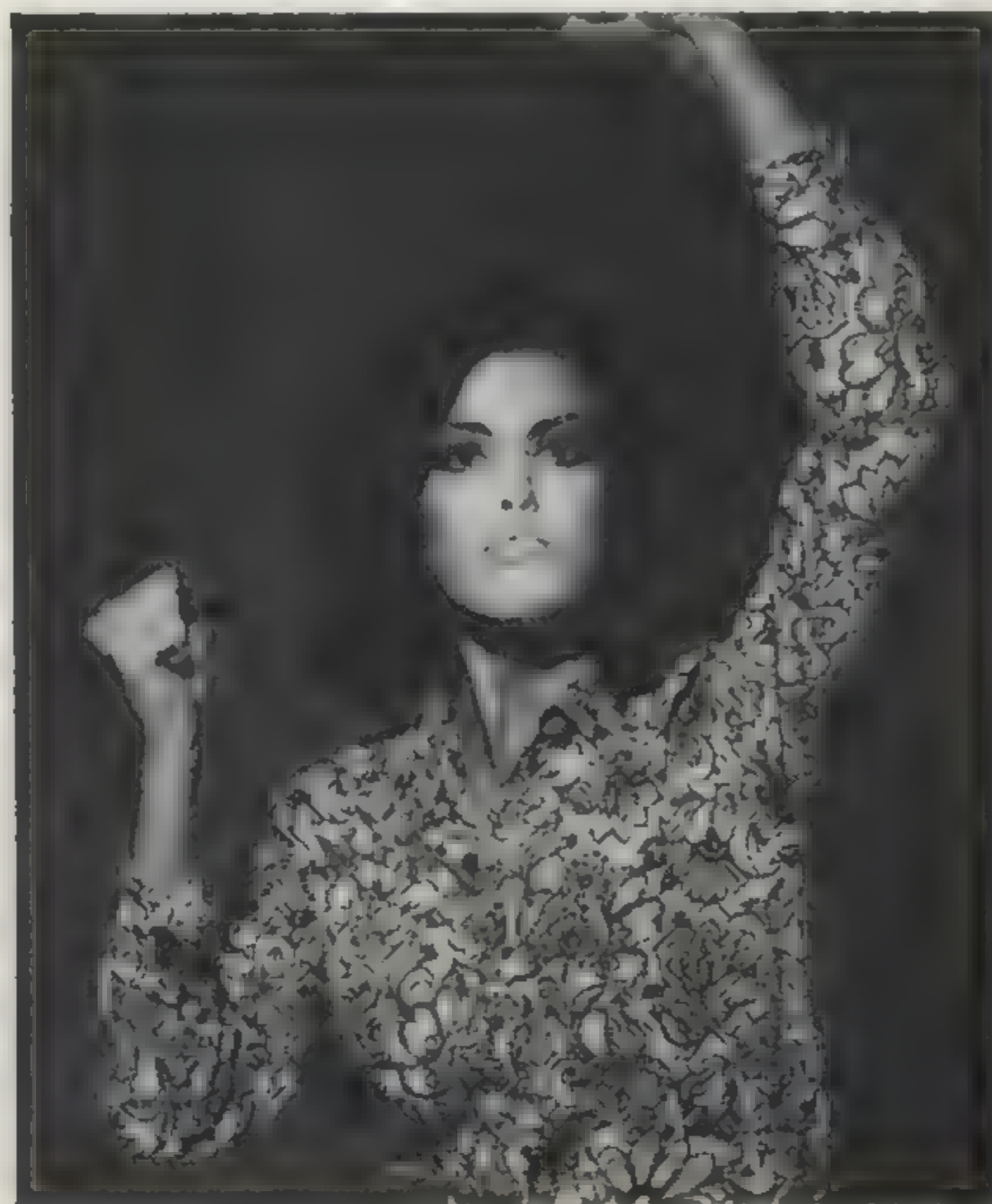
Mesa.



Pueblo.



Appaloosa.



Saguaro.



Corral.



Frijoles.



Arroyo.



Canyon.



See the West. It's a whole new vocabulary.

She's talking about Arizona now and anyone who's ever been there has a lot to talk about.

Arizona has resorts and dude ranches and huge motels and they do have the look of grand haciendas with their swimming pools, palm trees and sculptured lawns.

You pick out an Appaloosa at a corral and ride it out to open range where saguaro cactus grows 50 feet high and mesas change colors in the sunlight.

You can find arroyos with rippling streams and the water is clean enough to drink and fine to wade in, or even to swim in (why of course it's warm in Arizona now). Then you picnic in the quiet of a ponderosa pine forest.

You'll visit the Grand Canyon, 200 miles long and one deep. You'll go to a few night clubs. You'll see the tribal ceremony at an Indian pueblo.

Then one evening it's a cook-

out on the desert, barbecue and frijoles, and you'll watch that sky and years later you'll say there's no sunset anywhere like the one you saw in Arizona.

This state has the ghost towns, forgotten gold mines, and a lot more of the Old West you've only read about. Californians even come *east* to see some of this, and we ought to know. American Airlines flies winter vacationers to Tucson and Phoenix from cities

all over this country.

Your travel agent can set you up with an itinerary so you see as much as possible for whatever time and money you want to spend.

And if you have an American Express credit card you don't even need a down payment and you can take up to a year to pay.

Are we talking your language?

American Airlines



TWO TIMES OF BEIGE

VOGUE PATTERN 6291

For two times of day, two schools of beige—*thé-au-lait* and beige with a faint face-powder touch of peach. Both with the famous beige way of lighting the skin, both worn with the unfailing flattery of spotted-fur touches.

Above: Two-piece dress in the *thé-au-lait* silk crêpe, its yoked overblouse cut on the bias and curved gently towards the midriff above an easy skirt. Worn with a high leopard dome, fake pearls. Vogue Pattern 6291. Of Bianchini silk, at Lord & Taylor. Jewellery by Marvella, at Altman's. Kislav gloves at Best & Co.

Right: In face-powder beige worsted jersey the coatdress you step into—close shoulders, long sleeves, a double row of buttons down to a band of stitching on the hips. Worn with an ocelot fedora, rhinestone-dusted earrings. Vogue Pattern 6313. Of Jasco fabric. Earrings by Jeanne. Both at Lord & Taylor. Both pages: Halston hats; to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Other views, yardages, sizes: page 67.

HELMUT NEWTON



VOGUE PATTERN 6313



trademark

TOTAL FASHION EFFECT BEGINS WITH AN UNDERLINER

The Fond de Robe* . . . slimly sculptured lines designed to enhance the look of fashion. The bodice is etched in lace to underline scooped-neck fashions and cover wide-set bra straps. The skirt forms a shimmer of softness in nylon tricot. In white, bisque, and black; average and short 32 to 38 . . . \$6.95. At B. Altman & Co., New York; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Famous • Barr, St. Louis; Foley's, Houston; Gimbel's, Milwaukee; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles.

Henson
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

OCTOBER 15



what witchcraft

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that casts a spell!

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From \$45.00 to \$4.00

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NEW YORK 34, N. Y.

Fingertip tip

That the fashion for pale nails will go on and on is rather clearly indicated—wax-pale fingernails with their look of care and delicate gleam. Among the ivories, tans, and tallows, among the nacré shades from quicksilver to thinnest pearl, most women will find some one way to this look—a look that one fashion voice calls “one-piece chic for hands.” But for other women the dream nail enamel is yet to be invented. What is lacking in their opinion? Something to gloss over imperfections but not look “thick.” Something to cover completely but not look like coverage. Many nail lacquers come close to these specifications . . . some miss by a hairsbreadth . . . but we have a feeling that the ultimate answer will arrive in two bottles rather than one. A pointer toward this conclusion was propelled recently by the dynamic Joyce Markson, idea woman behind the Joyce Christopher and Carita-New York salons. To answer her clients’ longing for fingernail coverage without coverage, she worked out the following system for her manicurists to follow: When the nails are cleansed, shaped, and ready for polish, apply at the very tip of the nail a thin rim of Revlon’s White Bamboo. (Don’t let it run to the full depth of the natural white of the tip; keep it shallow.) Over this and the rest of the fingernail, apply two coats of Revlon’s Frosted Prolife. The result is a look of kemptness that stays that way, apparently, until the next week’s manicure. . . .

Leg make-up

Fussing about the main floor of Altman’s recently (and, as it turned out, it could just as well have been in given spots in 100 other stores in the United States), we came upon what appeared to us to be an unusually appetizing covey of stockings, the shades of which appeared to be not only something we wouldn’t live to regret tomorrow, but something in which we might go so far as to exult. Fluffed like face powders in glass apothecary jars, they were—thirteen shades in jars marked: Charles of the Ritz. . . . Magnetized especially by a shade called “Camellia”—a neutral without apology—we asked the pink-smocked woman behind the counter what was up. What was up, we learned, was this: for the first time in its long and distinguished history, Charles of the Ritz had lent its name to an effort apart from that outlined on the conventional beauty map. All of the to-your-order principles that made the Ritz face powders famous were now being applied to the dressing of legs. In marvellously tuned-in fashion and complexion shades, in proportions scaled to real-life facts (girth and length and foot-size can differ drastically, for instance) were stockings of the softest quality imaginable. . . . Awfully smart move, we decided. For anyone really aware of what legs are now in the chemistry of beauty, the idea fills an obvious need. And even for the woman who doesn’t go very far in self-concentration, the idea of a perfectly-fitted stocking in a sensitively-chosen shade makes much more sense than not. . . .

Beauty and accoustics

Clop, clop . . . rattle, rattle. This, would you believe it, is the signature sound of a young beauty whom we’ve known for years—a young woman whose face, hair, scent, clothes, and charming figure are dismissed from mind whenever one’s nerves are asked to survive the accoustics. Why is it that her footfall is so unpleasant? Could she be wearing her husband’s shoes? No. Despite her generally pleasant manners, she seems somehow to have missed on this: the acquisition of a courtesy of body. . . . Courtesy. . . . What a delicate word. Especially when the word is pronounced as the late Oliver St. John Gogarty pronounced it, as in the verb “to court.” . . . Ivor Brown, in his charming little book, *A Word in Your Ear* . . . now a paperback by Dutton, said: “I prefer courtesy to be pronounced not as the longer version of curtesy but in the Victorian manner, with the ‘ou’ somewhat Frenchified, as befits our cousin of the noble ‘courtesie.’ It means the habit of being gracefully considerate in personal relations. It is more than politeness; beauty breaks in. Chaucer set it beside truth, honour, and freedom. . . .” Hear, hear. . . .



Our captain, the Captain

Pictured here in sporting attire, Capt. K. R. Gazder, formidable batsman, distinguished pilot, and chief of AIR-INDIA's transatlantic operations.


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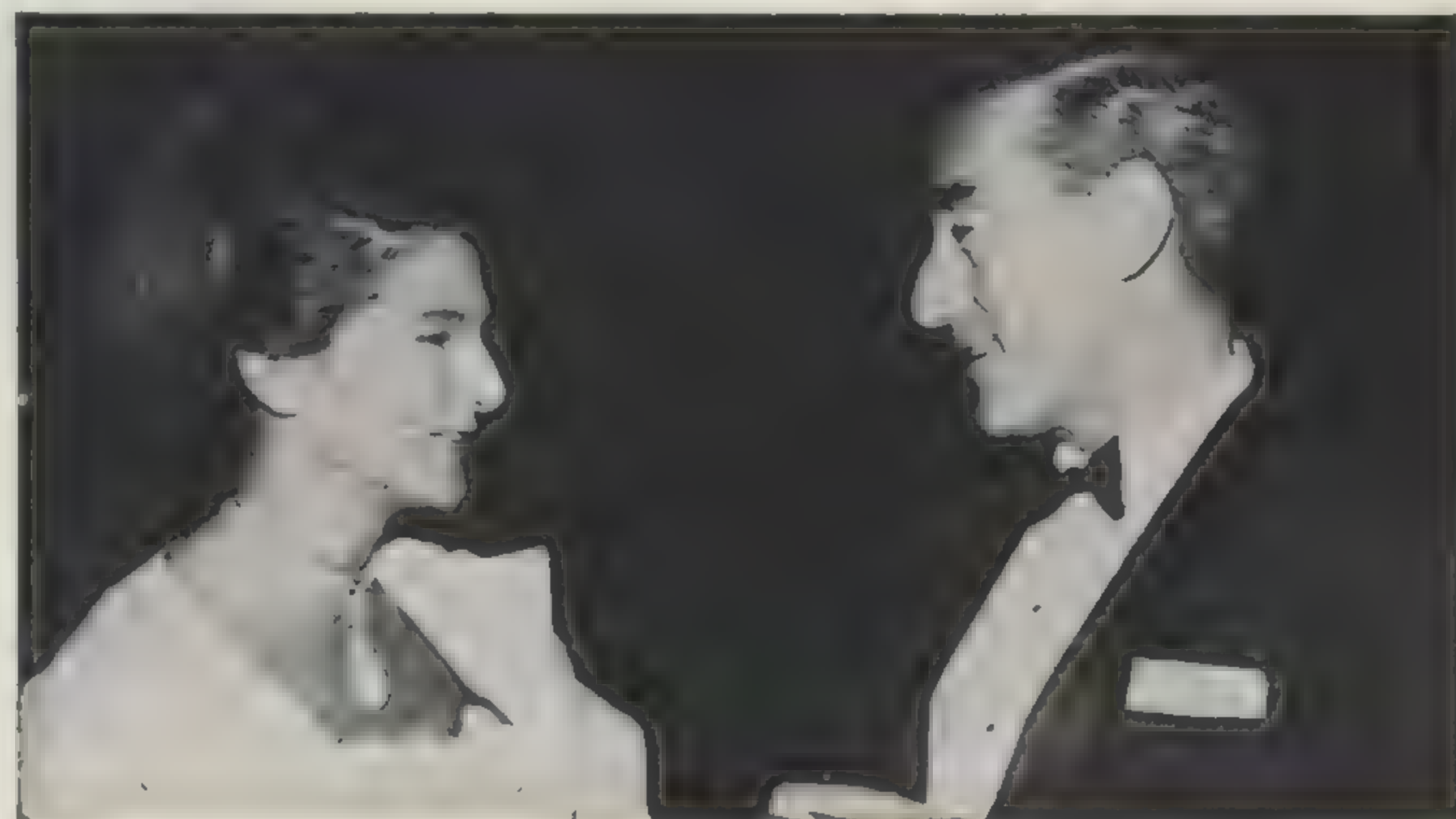
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Over 30 Years of Flying Experience

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Two magnificent balls in Madrid:
débutante parties, stupendously Spanish



1



2



3



4

The Gamazo palace looked like a Goya tapestry of a royal fête for the party given by the Marqués and Marquesa de Belvis for their débutante daughters, Anna and Xandra. Tented and hung with crystal globes, the garden became a dancing pavilion, with supper tables covered in white lace over pink. Inside, however, the bar seemed a stage-set from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, designed in tartans and trophies, with the madness laid on by improbable instruments—cocktail shakers, a sardine tin, knives, forks, and a flute—played by a combo from Torremolinos. To this, and three less far-out bands, the five hundred guests danced all night.

1. Señorita Rosario Primo de Rivera, the Conde de Estrada.
2. Señorita Anna Gamazo, H.R.H. Don Alfonso de Bourbon.
3. Princesa Piedad Hohenlohe, the Marquesa de Belvis.
4. Princesa Christian Hohenlohe, Señorita Natalia Figueroa.



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for the woman
who desires
a look of youngness
that leaves years
without meaning...

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the high potency,
sustained-action
cosmetic that
performs with
dynamic effectiveness;
helps to correct dryness,
to ease away fine lines
and puffiness,
to encourage elasticity...
continues its multiple
benefits long after
it has been absorbed.

Swing the pendulum
of time in a new
direction with

SOURCE OF BEAUTY

25.00 and 15.00 plus tax

Frances
Denney



1



2



3



4

Unstinted imagination and an enormous sense of fiesta made the Fierro ball *estupendo*. For the debut of their daughter, Carmen, Señor and Señora Alfonso Fierro called in four orchestras; Régine of Paris to steer a red-walled *boîte*; a band of gypsies to dance flamenco in a Seville *caseta* in the candlelit garden; and Señor Cortes from the Spanish Pavilion of the World's Fair to arrange the dinner, which was served under a sweeping canopy of coral silk. Hundreds of guests of all ages came from all over Spain and Europe. Only Romans arrived later than Madrileños. Because of jangled jets, some Romans arrived at midnight, some at three. But it didn't matter—the party was still swinging at nine in the morning.

1. Señorita Carmen Fierro. 2. Mr. and Mrs. Mel Ferrer. 3. Señora Luis Miguel Dominguin and the Conde de Romanones. 4. Marchesa Emilio Pucci and the Marqués de Villaverde.

If she's too young to drive an Alfa Romeo, buy her a Piccolino instead.



Little girls like big, beautiful presents, too. Such as the Tamara, featured in the exquisite new collection of Piccolino children's knits from Italy. At Bergdorf Goodman, Julius Garfinckel & Co., I. Magnin & Co., The J. L. Hudson Co., and other fine stores; or write Piccolino, a division of Gino Paoli, 112 West 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.

Lady
BORSALINO

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Dramatic Pallor

Lighting winter's days and nights . . . VILLAGER's® pale woolens.
Jumper about thirty dollars; pullover about eight dollars
at good stores and college shops



1407 Broadway, New York 18

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

A birthday party in Southampton, Long Island, for the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Allan Sillcox

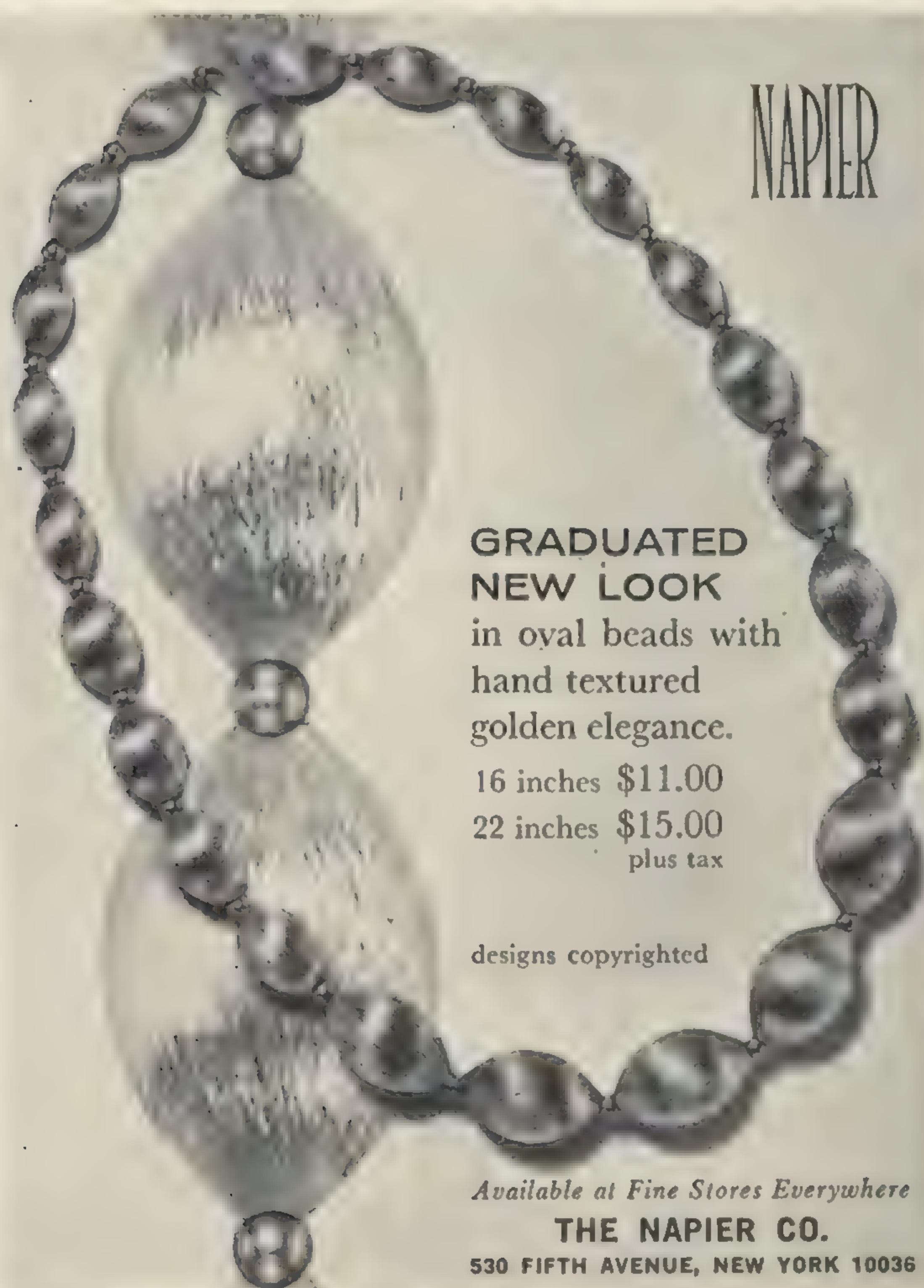


1

Nannies holding children and children holding presents (somebody brought a turtle in a glass box with its own plastic palm tree) marched down Main Street in Southampton and turned right at the grey shingle house for Linnie Sillcox's seventh-birthday party. Everyone got a cowboy hat to start with, then a hot dog, then an ice cream stick; then lunch was over and it stopped raining. After stories in the library ("There was the husband, standing on his head in the porridge pot," read John Sillcox) everybody ran outside for pony rides and potato-sack races ("Come on Kittie!"). When Mrs. Sillcox asked if anyone wanted to sing a song, Briggs Stephenson sang, "She loves me, yeah yeah yeah, she loves me yeah yeah yeah," and everyone laughed and laughed.



2



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NEW LOOK**
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hand textured
golden elegance.

16 inches \$11.00
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530 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10036



3



4



5



6

1. Linnie Sillcox and her birthday cake. 2. Jacqueline Russell, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Russell. 3. Kittie Shields, whose parents are Mrs. Richard G. Blaine and Mr. Francis X. Shields. 4. Linnie Sillcox on a pony, led by Tiny Fraser, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Fraser. 5. Briggs Stephenson, making a face. He is the son of Mrs. Clifford Smith, Jr., and Mr. Edward L. Stephenson. 6. Sitting in the sledge (it had a fringe) on the back lawn: John Leas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Leas; Diana Hoguet, daughter of Mrs. Dilworth Hoguet and Mr. Joseph L. Hoguet; and Lang Phipps, whose parents are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Phipps. Hanging on (at left) Briggs Stephenson. 7. Potato-sack lineup, ready for action.



7

WHAT HE LOVES IN A HIGHLANDER SUEDE IS THE EXPERT SEWING.*
EVERYONE ELSE LOVES THE LOOK.



highlander 

It takes a specialist to know just how scrupulous it really is. Charlie Scillieri knows. His skilled hands guided thousands of tiny stitches through the coat he's now admiring. He reinforced the seams with 167 inches of bias tapes. His unique art is one of the secrets to the custom tailored look you love in a Highlander.

*The understated coat in silky Black Spanish Antelope, lavishly accented with Black-Dyed Mink. Sizes 8 to 18. About \$200 at Bonwit Teller, New York; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Rich's, Inc., Atlanta; D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd., New Orleans; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; or write Highlander Sportswear, Inc., 1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018.

PRICE SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN WEST

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Be careful when you wear an Echo, people may only notice your scarf



You're so Spanish in "Wrought Iron", a purest imported silk twill scarf by Echo. White, red, emerald, cocoa, gold or royal, all with black. 11.00 at Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; Julius Garfinckel, Wash., D.C.; Frost Bros., San Antonio; Montaldo's & Doop's, all stores; I. Magnin, West Coast or write Echo, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ECHO

HONOR YOUR FRIENDS...AND YOURSELF



Imported
ORDER OF MERIT
Every drop 15 year-old Canadian Whisky
In gold threaded flacon with velvet sack

A BLEND • 86.8 PROOF • ©SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

The moonlit début, in Westbury, Long Island, of Miss Inez Chapin Hutton



"The last thing I want is a pink tent with pink balloons," said Miss Hutton before her party. So along came the decorator, Jack Kelly, who made everything (from tablecloths to palm trees) blue and green. With that small pretty switch, the quintessential Long Island début party of the season was on. The champagne was the same age as the débutante; the Huttons brought it from France (with the party in mind) in 1945, the same year they thought to sign up Meyer Davis. He arrived with an added quartet of guitarists who moved in every fifth song or so to make frug music which was strictly 1964.



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1. Miss Edith Fenton, Mr. James Walker, Mr. Charles McVeigh, Miss Inez Hutton. 2. Mr. and Mrs. William E. Hutton, the host and hostess. 3. Mrs. William S. Paley and Mr. Joseph A. Thomas. 4. Miss Hutton and Mrs. Hutton with Mrs. Edward F. Hutton. 5. Mr. Anthony Miller, Miss Patsy Grant, Mr. Morris Brownell, Miss Cynthia Alexandre, Mr. Edmund P. Rogers, III. 6. Interior of the tent. 7. Mr. Ogden Phipps, Mrs. Ogden White. 8. Mrs. Joseph A. Thomas, Mr. Francis Farr, Mrs. Frederick Melhado, Mme. Simone de Naville. 9. Mr. Peter Guernsey, Mr. and Mrs. James Butler, and Mrs. E. Newton Cutler. 10. Mr. Thomas Hutton.



8



9



10



A woman's most important accessory...her escort

His dinner suit by Lord West, makers of gentlemen's formal clothes. One hundred dollars at fine stores.

Lord West

101 West 21st Street, N.Y.C.



from
the
goddess
of
fragrance....

Ambush
perfume

Dance





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YOU CAN ENJOY FOUR-SEASON CLIMATE CONTROL IN MOST SMALLER-SIZE GENERAL MOTORS CARS, TOO.





Hearts are gay in **Mexico**

■ Laughter ripples through the land. Smiles are shy yet warmly welcoming. Music is everywhere. The lift you get from your vacation in Mexico will buoy your spirits long after your suntan has faded or you've stopped bragging about the biggest marlin ever!

Mexico indeed has magic. It also has modern, even luxurious hotels and restaurants—all the basic comforts you want plus some mighty

spectacular charms and beauty all her own.

Where else can you combine sparkling blue seas with snow-capped volcanoes...modern architecture and the marvels left by Mayans and Toltecs a thousand years ago...swimming among gardenias and soaking away fatigue in any of a dozen famous spas...deep sea fishing and dancing under a tropical moon to *mariachis*. Where else the winding cobble-

stoned towns, great museums, golf, jai alai, horse-racing, *charro* riding and bullfights—such values in handicrafts and fine art!

Mexico has all this and more, much more. So come to relax, have fun, join the frolic at a colorful village fiesta, skin dive in warm, clear waters or simply laze on a beach.

See your travel agent and ask him to make your next trip—marvelous Mexico.



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Mexican Government Tourist Department
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Set the tone for a gala season with

Evening Oval

a sparkling new compact that does as
much for your ensemble as its powder does for your complexion.

Germaine Monteil

OCTOBER 15, 1964

VOGUE'S

EYE VIEW

THIS PROPORTION... THIS CHEMISTRY

Here is Courrèges's own mannequin exactly as she appeared on the floor: a delectable brunette in red leather boots and bonnet, wrapped—like a message—in a gleaming white vinyl sheet. Everybody got the message: namely, this much skin showing—this much throat; this much leg from hem to knee, from knee to boot-top—this is Courrèges proportion in all its revved-up young glory. And the vividness of the skin itself: tight, tawny, glowing against Courrèges whites and beiges, against the reds and parrot-greens and pale, limpid pinks...like the mannequin's small, supple shoulders and wrists, and her narrow shiny knees—this is the switch that flicks on the fashion. This is chemistry.



You—the subtle nuances of tone and texture and colouring of skin—that's chemistry. How it's proportioned—just so much skin showing against just so much cloth or fur or leather—that's chemistry in action. That's the flick of rapport between women and clothes and jewels that animates fashion—projects form, fixes dimension, spangles the entire body with separate suggestions of coquetry.... At the brow—the light of white fur catching on the shining, rounded bones of a wide, bronzed forehead and a slicked dark hairline. Around a long, deeply sunburned throat—a neckline of pale, clear pink paillettes carved below the pulse, below the clean slant of muscle at the side of the neck. At the back of a Van Dongen neck—black hair pulled up tight above a polished length of green-white, mauve-white, matte-white skin, in a splendour of sable décolletage. At the lobes of ears—big beautiful emeralds glinting against a fury of marmalade hair. On lacquery, pliant, seemingly boneless Oriental wrists—enamel bracelets, almost too heavy to bear. On the arm—long, straight sleeves cropped just short of the wristbone to show an elegance of hand and strong, articulate fingers. Restless beige shoulders shimmering in a supple, bare-shouldered tube of matte beige jersey; covered at the neck, covered to the floor. A bare, brown tummy—taut and glowing as a fresh-baked loaf of bread—in silvered hip pants. On ambery legs with narrow, shiny knees and a little-girl curve from calf to ankle—a short camel skirt and short white kidskin boots. Satiny gold ankles in naked jewelled sandals. Created, by two strips of a black velvet bikini, the most modern proportions of all—gleaming curves and long lines of slender strength. At every point: the small emanations of allure . . . the proportion and the chemistry . . . the measure of you against fashion that makes it vibrate and glisten with special urgency.

Courrèges: silvered hip pants; white faille coat with sequin ball fringe; faille boots. I. Magnin.





New Courrèges coat-proportion in a plaid of fresh greens—square-set armholes; half-belt and vents on a low hip seam. Pants straight over suède boots. Plaid hat and tunic. All at I. Magnin.

THIS
PROPORTION...
THIS
CHEMISTRY



The Courrèges way to wear red in the evening—tawny skin gleaming against the red wool lace of a lean, lithe tunic and hip pants; red satin bonnet tied on the chin; shiny leather boots; and gloves as white as the whites of eyes. Costume in America: I. Magnin.





FLAMENCO

When Spanish gypsies dance flamenco, they are said to "pray with their feet . . . have honey in their hips . . . their hearts in their heads . . . and rhythm in their veins instead of blood." In the wooden-floored cafés of Seville and the lime-washed caves of Granada, the gypsies perform as a team, or *cuadro flamenco*, such as the group photographed, *left*, in full fling in a copper-hung cave in Málaga.

The women and girls, rouged, wearing ruffled dresses, the men, their admirable haunches taut and round as mandolins, sit on kitchen chairs in a semicircle with a pair of guitarists, a singer, and *La Capitaz*. (Usually a fat harrikan, *La Capitaz* leads the show, plumps visitors down on straight chairs, gives them a glass of manzanilla, and exhorts from them healthy sums of pesetas.)

Suddenly, the crack of handclaps starts the spree, or *juerga*. Withdrawn, black-browed, the guitarists stroke as the singer tests the minor key with the stretched, metallic cry of *leli, leli . . . iii*. When *La Capitaz* gives the signal, the dancers start—the youngest first, the oldest last—to the stomps and yells of "Olé, guapa. . . . Daughter of the Pharaoh, may God bless your mother!"—the chanter wails the couplets: "Let me tell you now we are making love/I will punish this pride of yours." *Cante hondo*, or deepsong, songs of tragic memory, of vengeance, of passion, of death, cut the soft Spanish night air like a dagger.

The greatest gypsy dancers—Carmen Amaya and Pastora Imperio—danced out the *duende*, the Andalusian demon or ghost, which the Spanish poet, Federico García Lorca, called "the dark root of the cry," the black sounds in which the singers "make their voices sound like gushes of blood."

A nomadic people, the gypsies probably came from India, moving into Persia, Macedonia, and Egypt, arriving at the gates of Europe in 1417. The first tribe to enter Spain (according to the gypsy scholar, Walter Starke) was led, in 1435, by Thomas, Earl of Little Egypt, to Santiago de Compostela. Later, in far less splendour, they came as tinkers, coppersmiths, muleteers, to be despised as thieves and vagabonds until the eighteenth century, when the discriminatory laws were rescinded.

The *Calés*, or Spanish gypsies of Andalusia, maintained their tribal purity, their language, their swagger. Pulled from the folklore of Andalusia, from Moorish, Sephardic, and Oriental chants, the gypsies formed their own inimitable art: flamenco.



MANUELA VARGAS

*Fingers that snap like pistol-shots,
feet that stamp like an Arab steed's;
the pride and swiftness of the hawk,
the sinuous beauty of the swan—
all these attributes must belong
to a great flamenco dancer.*

*All, and more, belong to Manuela
Vargas, the fiery young dancer
on these pages.... A true
Andalusian gypsy from Seville,
she is, at twenty-two, one of
the idols of Spain; recently she
made a sensational appearance
in New York, dancing at the
Spanish Pavilion with her
own intense young troupe.
On these eight pages, she is
shown in a series of
spirited evening looks by
American designers—all with a
marvellous flamenco mobility...*

*Here, Manuela Vargas dances
an improvised bulería,
wearing what she adored:
Norell's glittering second
skin of flesh-coloured
pailletted jersey, with
a long float of black
silk organza overskirt.*

*By Norman Norell, at
Bonwit Teller; Nan
Duskin; I. Magnin.*




ANTONIO GADES, Spain's most brilliant young dancer, brings to flamenco what El Cordobes brings to the bullring: excitement, virility, audacity. His body like an arrow of song, Gades, scowling, green-eyed, is shown above dancing the *Seguiriyas Guana*, the weeping poem of flamenco. Drawn from ancient funeral laments, the music laces gypsy, Moor, Hindu, and Andaluz into the purest of cante hondo, deepsong. Cracking the air with pitos, fingersnaps, Gades improvises to the whip of guitars, the sobbing ayee of the singer, obsessed with death. Tragic, powerful, the *Seguiriyas* drives gypsies to rip their shirts to ribbons. When Gades dances it, he said, "I don't see. I don't see."

¡FLAMENCO—OLÉ!



*Manuela Vargas is
straight, lithe, slim
as a whip, and
tall for a dancer—
hence her nickname in Spain,
La Giralda con bata de cola.
La Giralda is a tower in Seville; the
bata de cola is the ruffled
train of a flamenco dress—
the “tail” that slashes about as the
dancer moves.... Here, she
dances in black Chantilly lace,
bare-topped; a double cascade of
ruffles down the back of the
skirt, terrific in motion.
By Harvey Berin, of MacCarthy
lace; at Bloomingdale’s; Dayton’s;
Neusteters; I. Magnin.
Coiffure: Mr. Lupe of Spain,
from Julius Caruso.
Far right: Manuela Vargas,
again in black—and a dress that
can dance anywhere: just
skimming the body,
deeply slit at one side.
One shoulder has a great
double bow of black satin;
one is bare. By Donald Brooks
for Townley, in wool crêpe;
about \$145. Bonwit Teller;
Hutzler’s; Burdine’s;
Neiman-Marcus.*

FLAMENCO—OLÉ!



Antonio Gades dances the Farruca, the most gypsy of all dances. It is "a direct language of the body unperturbed," wrote V.S. Pritchett, "by the lewdness of mind." To the hard fast palmadas, handslaps, and fevered guitars, Gades swirls with spectacular double turns, stabs the floor in the mediazapato, shows the superb length of his caida, or fall of line. Intricate, its emotional burst contained by the tensions of marked form, the Farruca is danced solo by Gades—with cruelty, mastery, and absolute male conceit.



¡FLAMENCO—OLÉ!



Manuela Vargas has dazzling flamenco technique—arrow-straight carriage; beautiful, sinuous arm movements ("her arms seem to swoon," as Théophile Gautier once wrote of another dancer), and the supple, arched back line for which the gitanas of Seville are renowned.... Here, she wears black lace over flesh-coloured crêpe—gypsy-at-home pyjamas by Estévez; of black ribbon lace, crêpe of Celanese acetate and rayon (Jacques Maisch fabric.) At Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Halle Bros.; Bramson. Coiffure: Mr. Lupe of Spain, from Julius Caruso. Far right, a long, supple sheath of crocheted black lace; a white satin overblouse, edged in droplets of beads that flash and sparkle in motion. By Highlight; about \$185, at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. Herbert Levine shoes.



With hard-held passion, Antonio Gades dances the Soleares as though charged with electricity, using the sinuous hand and wrist movements of the Hindu, the flinty stutter of the taconeo, heelwork, as his troupe yells: "Olé... Anda... agua, agua!" One of the oldest flamenco forms in which "the gypsies sing their sorrows and dance in a frenzy of gaiety," the Soleares is an utterance of the melancholy, the fury, the lyricism of a nomad race. Gades, who is not a gypsy, said: "It's all inside. Flamenco is masochistic."



¡FLAMENCO—

OLÉ!

Manuela Vargas's dancing often has a strongly Oriental quality—mysterious, stylized, remote—that is the very essence of flamenco—since, according to legend, the Spanish gypsies are descended from nomadic Sudra Indian tribes....

This page: on a narrow black wool sheath, a long streak of silver sequins embroidered down one side and around the hem; strapless neckline. Three-cornered stole, sequin-embroidered; to order. By Trigère, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Gidding-Jenny.


Far right: a whoosh of deep, unpressed pleats in back of a long, glittery black dress that's a straight, narrow sheath in front. Young America by Oleg Cassini, in black metallic nylon-and-rayon matelassé (Kaplan fabric). About \$125, at Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus. Coiffure: Mr. Lupe of Spain, from Julius Caruso.



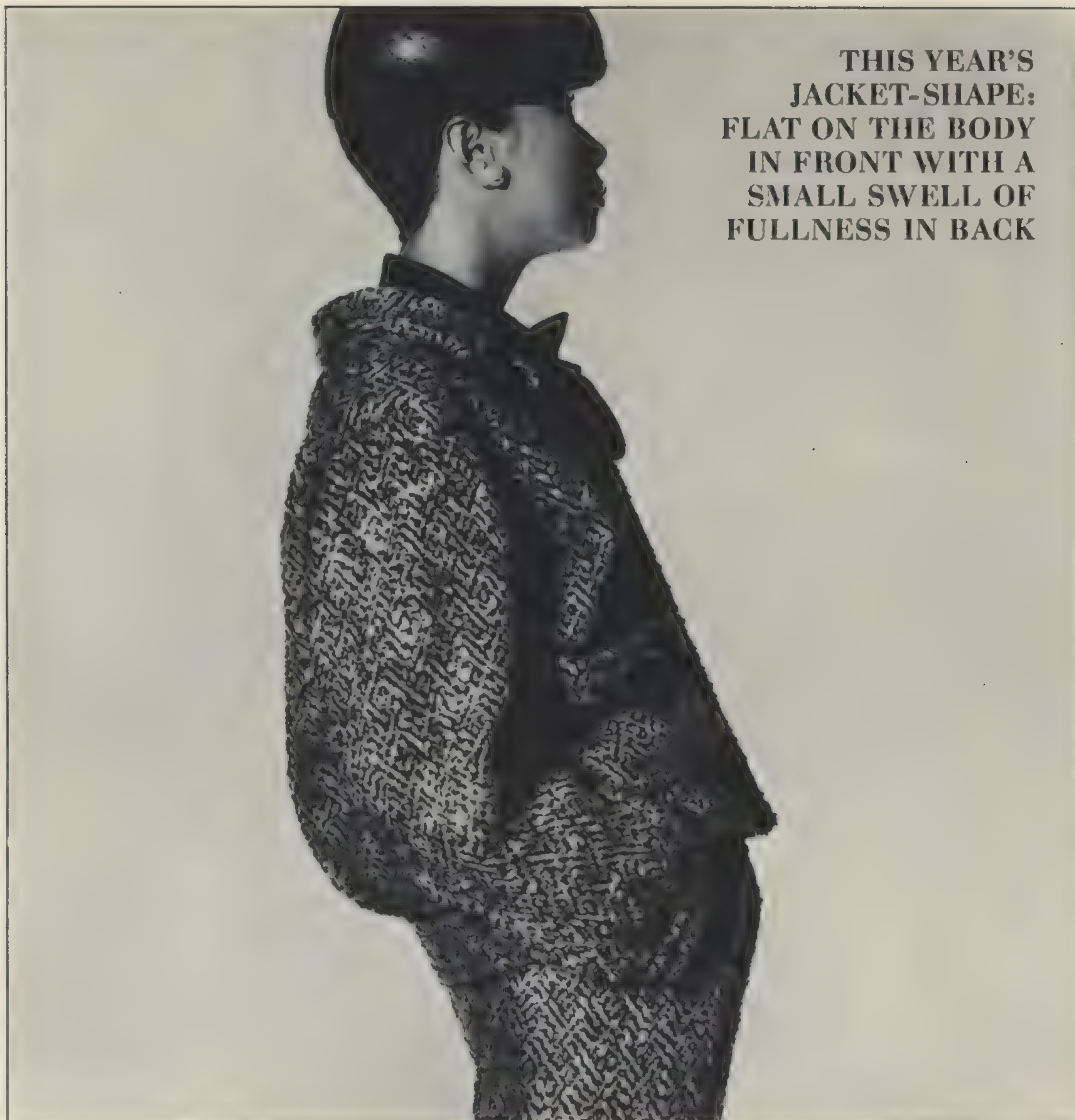
Antonio Gades dances the Mirabras as a virile, exhilarating, dialogue of counter rhythms between dancer and guitars. His own choreographer, Gades improvises bullfight movements into the steps which mount wilder, faster, to a thunderous finale of handclaps, stomps, and olés. The music, from the songs of Cádiz, is cante chico—for happier dances—rather than the cante grande—for tragic dances. Flamenco deepsong, as V.S. Pritchett wrote, "always strikes that sigh of hollow sadness, the hard sigh of fatal transience of pleasure, love, and delight."







THE NEWEST SUIT
IN PARIS—LONG
BACK-DIPPING JACKET
BANDED AT THE BOTTOM,
ELONGATED SLEEVES
BANDED AT
THE WRISTBONE



THIS YEAR'S
JACKET-SHAPE:
FLAT ON THE BODY
IN FRONT WITH A
SMALL SWELL OF
FULLNESS IN BACK

At Balenciaga there is the sure stimulating flame of prophecy—the surprise of new tailoring, evening clothes that are miracles of excitement—and the strong enduring undercurrent of established themes varied only by the subtlest changes. With every collection The Balenciaga Idea is refined, the level of excellence freshly stated, and the sense of the future sharpened. Shown on these pages: two of the most important suits in years. . . .
Left: A jacket flat to the body in front; at the back, an easy curve of fullness held by a band . . . longer sleeves, banded below the wristbone . . . pea-jacket pockets. The skirt, panelled in front . . . a slit of a pocket at either side. Beige-brown-and-white tweed worn with a printed silk scarf, beige fedora and gloves. Suit at I. Magnin.
Above: The same shape—longish jacket, banded at the edge . . . sleeves banded below the wristbone . . . flapped and buttoned patch pockets high in front. Easy skirt . . . a touch of fullness gathered on the waistband. Brown-and-white tweed with a brown shantung blouse, brown kidskin beret. At I. Magnin. Hat at Bergdorf Goodman.

BALENCIAGA

WHITE MINK
SCARF TIED
OVER A PINK
SATIN PILLBOX



Right: The most important new sheath in Paris—full at the back with a soft bias fall blown away from the body, ending in a U-seam below the waist; then tight across the hips and derrière; the front is flat, high-necked, almost austere. The effect: black crêpe at its most alluring . . . discreet, devastating. At I. Magnin. *Above:* Flung over a pink satin pillbox, a scarf of white mink edged with mink tails, tied under the chin. Worn with the most workaday suit—long jacket, double-breasted, tailored as tweeds—that's made of embossed black lamé to wear at night with black suède gloves, two fat bracelets of black satin. Under the jacket: a perfect little sleeveless overblouse of white satin. Costume at I. Magnin. Hat and scarf, Bergdorf Goodman.

BALENCIAGA

THE PERFECT
SHORT DINNER
DRESS—
BLACK SILK;
A TRIUMPH
OF CUT

PENN






BALENCIAGA

**LAMÉ—WRAPPED
AND FLUNG
ON THE BODY
LIKE TWO
SPANISH SHAWLS**

The sudden blaze, the quick flare of drama—no one gauges this effect better than Balenciaga, and there's a moment in every collection when the discreet calm of his day clothes gives way to the extravagance and excitement of his evening things. Here, two versions of a new shape—*dégagé*, seductive. *Left:* Two shades of gold lamé with the design re-embroidered in gold thread—a strapless sheath, cut on the bias, folded to show one knee; and a new sort of mantilla that slips on over the head. Typically Balenciaga: the dazzle of jewelled fringe. Below left, the same dress in profile. At I. Magnin. *Right:* Pink lamé embroidered with gold thread—again the strapless sheath dipping to the ankle in back, and a pointed mantilla with bands of gold embroidery. Huge pear-drop earrings of fake pearls; a necklace of heavy gold links, tasselled in crystal. Pink lamé slippers. In America at I. Magnin.





From the atelier of Pertegaz, clothes executed with a brilliant sense of line, a measured precision of tailoring, a romantic hint of Spanish *sabor*. Here, two of his marvellous suits, completed by this idea:

Pertegaz—with a perfectionist's exacting taste—designs everything that goes with them, from hat to shoes.

Architecture in twill—where every cut and seam shows, beautifully.

On this page, a suit of apricot twill with a buttoned band on the jacket that ends in a cutaway-curve. This, repeated in the skirt which buttons over a deep pleat. At Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; I. Magnin.


Pale herringbone tweed, opposite, a suit with a simple mastery of easy shape in beige and white, with the soft flash of pale mink tied at the neck.

And another of the magnificent Pertegaz skirts—hung from a low buttoned waistband, channel-seamed into slanted pockets.

The jacket, invisibly zipped, with a ginger suède belt. At Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin.



FROM SPAIN:
THE SUITS OF PERTEGAZ



Pertegaz evenings—proud, serene, very Spanish. Each dress has one of his great evening cover-ups—sometimes made of feathers, flower-heads, beads; these, of ruffles and lace. Background: Torre San Jaime, Pertegaz's twelfth-century tower-house. The flamenco feeling—black velvet dots on white nylon seersucker, this page. The dress, with a low waist, low back, a skirt that springs to roundness; the cover-up is a deep-ruffled stole. Ruffled black lace, opposite, makes a snug little jacket, and a deep band at the hem of a dress of yellow ottoman—this, with a long-waisted Infanta shape, a bare top. Both dresses, of fabric by Petillault; at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Coiffures: Serge of Carita, in Barcelona.



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The double boil of the American election campaign and the British elections. . . . In Italy, Senator Goldwater, who is called "Acquadoro." . . . In London, the sudden shoot-up of the book, *Passport to Oblivion*, with its new spy character, Dr. Jason Love, a country doctor, tweedy, attractive, who is always not quite with it and therefore plunged into fiendish adventures at which he usually arrives in a 1937 supercharged Cord Roadster; James Leasor, Love's creator, owns just such a car, the only one in England. . . . The buttery chicanery of "The Rogues," a new TV group of crooks mad about the rich. . . . The new word for good-looking girls: strikers.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The subtleties that Margherita Wallmann, the only woman opera director, has given to *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the Metropolitan Opera's opening night production with Joan Sutherland who has sharpened the points of her performance through the bravura dramatics of Miss Wallmann who likes to get up on stage and show exactly how she wants each characterization. . . . The calm blaze of the new Josef Albers paintings at the Sidney Janis Gallery. . . . The Vodka and Caviar bar at London's new club, The Cool Elephant, owned by the men who have The White Elephant and The Crazy Elephant. . . . *Mary Poppins*, a new ice-cream soda of a movie with Julie Andrews, a joy since she avoids being soppy and manages to be as matter of fact as a daisy stem when confronted by dancing penguin waiters.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The curious ways of adolescents in Madrid where they are called *la edad del pavo* which means "the age of the turkey." . . . Marc Chagall, a shaggy, famous seventy-seven, who has just had his stained-glass windows installed in New York at the United Nations and his enormous mural, an inspired commission by André Malraux, installed just under the ceiling of the Paris Opera House which has had a complete and unexpected rejuvenating régime under the directorship of Georges Auric, a notable composer. . . . The young word for grotesque used by the young: grotty. . . . The movie, *The Pumpkin Eater*, which has a superb script by Harold Pinter based on Penelope Mortimer's novel, and a cast that includes Anne Bancroft and Peter Finch plus a batch of children, all spontaneous, delightful, and natural.

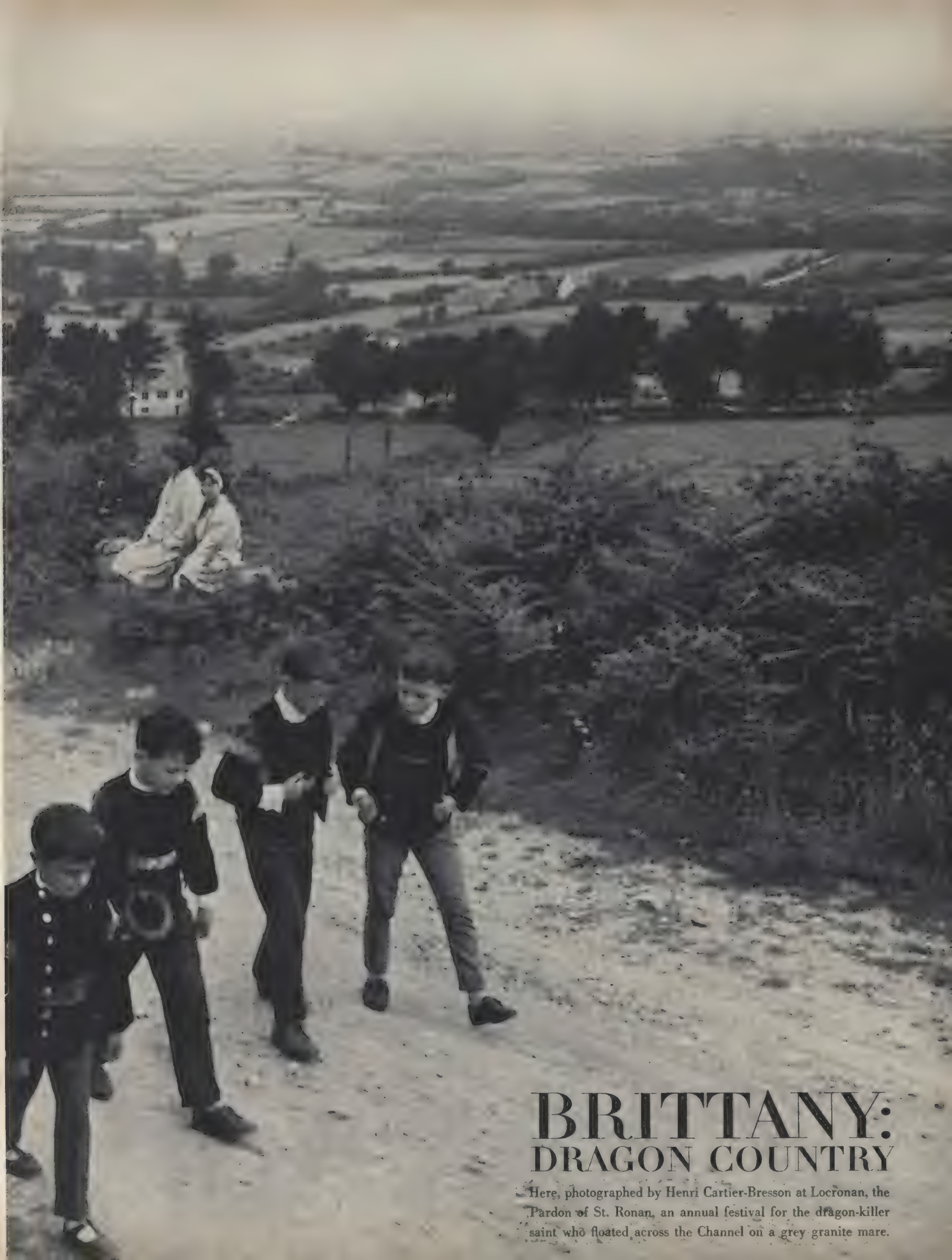
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Two fascinating, erudite, authoritative books: H. W. Janson's *History of Art* and Sherman E. Lee's *History of Far Eastern Art*, both published by Abrams. . . . The play, *The Physicists*, new to Broadway with its setting in a lunatic asylum, the second play with such an odd locale directed by Peter Brook. . . . Sir Hugh Foot's epigram: "Anyone who understands the Cyprus situation has been misinformed." . . . The revolting London hit play, *Entertaining Mr. Sloane*, which has been commented upon in one form or another as a "safe little comedy," but which has as its climax to the second act a young man in high black boots kicking to death an old man on stage. . . . "Zorro," the hit cowboy song which Henri Salvador has turned into a French pop wow by changing the lyrics and adding, "eh alors" which makes everyone laugh and apparently causes old ladies to kiss Salvador on the street and the guests at good Paris dinner parties to sit around singing this song which was once called, here, "Along Came Jones."

MIKE NICHOLS

He doesn't really smoke two cigarettes at once, but he could use two heads instead of the halves, one real, one mirrored, *opposite*, for Mike Nichols is one of the busiest, funniest, freshest directors loose today. A quiet hoot with a sense of timing hardly less precise or complex than that of a space shot, he has going for him now *Barefoot in the Park*, the unflagging comedy by Neil Simon, now running both on Broadway and on the road, and *The Knack*, an off-Broadway hit Nichols plumps up regularly like a goose-feather pillow. For this new season, he is directing a new play, *Luv*, by Murray Schisgal, aimed to open next month, followed by another by Neil Simon, *The Odd Couple*, followed by a movie, *The Public Eye*, followed by. . . . A big, blond man who looks at once sharp and cosy in the manner of a koala bear, Mike Nichols lives in a New York tower apartment with the highest ceiling north of Grand Central Station and some attractive things: Marino Marini prints, a Marini sculpture of a girl, a drawing of Joyce Cary by Topolski, photographs of Nichols's Arab stallion, Max, and one of Charlie Chaplin. Not a comedian who "comes on," Mike Nichols can take a plain fact, think about it, comment, and then perk up like a startled puppy when people laugh. He can do funny tricks, too, with a plain script. "I like the idea of playing comedy like a play, nothing special." For his special nothing specials, he punches the funny lines down, not up. What Mike Nichols may do best as a director, a rare talent in funny men, is to take his own intense, paced humour and transfer it to other actors, like a clown who can lift his wild original grease-paint mask and drop it on another face, intact.







BRITTANY: DRAGON COUNTRY

Here, photographed by Henri Cartier-Bresson at Locronan, the Pardon of St. Ronan, an annual festival for the dragon-killer saint who floated across the Channel on a grey granite mare.

BRITTANY: DRAGON COUNTRY

BY ELEANOR
CLARK

At six in the morning, when the trains stopped in Brittany at what looked like nowhere and we bumbled out of our third-class compartment, among the endless bundles and shabby baskets of the impecunious Parisian family's summer luggage, we had already taken a strong dislike to Mme. Henriot. Being children, my sister and I, we hadn't considered how hard it must be to be poor, ugly, and disagreeable all at once, as well as widowed, with a grown invalid son. Her normal speaking voice was a dislocated shriek, not unlike that of the train now and then during the night, and her interminable knife-edge crimson nose, bent at a thirty-degree angle in the middle, was slathered with powder of a sulphurous tint, cupped up in the pores. There had been the rank smell of the smoke, and plumage of sparks and flame as we rocketed around the bends in the dark, across the unknown country. A couple of times, waking from her snoozes, she had thrust a bit of sausage at our faces, grimly watching what our appetite might portend and pleased that we had none, for we were to be in her charge the whole long summer. There was now in the morning sun, unreal because powerless against our fatigue and fright, a man with a horse and cart to meet us; one grey farmhouse was to be seen far off; we rode clutching the bundles and baskets for an hour. You'd have thought it was going to be Dinard or something, the way she'd swung the words "*au bord de la mer*" around her bit of Paris beforehand. It was a little village called Hillion, and it was by the sea in a manner of speaking, that is, twice every twenty-four hours; the rest of the time the sea was, and still is, miles away, down the long camel's-tongue Bay of St. Brieuc. Already it seemed months ago that we had kissed our mother goodbye at the station in Paris.

There was a garret room for us two little intruders, in the town's one small Hôtel de Famille where we were to live. We fell asleep at once under the strange goose-feather puffs that you couldn't see over the edge of, between the great thick peasant linen sheets, about an acre's-worth, that smelled fresh and sweet that week, having had their laundering for the season; and some time later in the day were snatched awake most dreadfully. Hens and a rooster at liberty in the village square below our window had entered our troubled dreams and it seemed one of them had flown in and grown enormous. It was Mme. Henriot standing over us, a ghastly facsimile of cheer in operation beneath her red and yellow beak, screeching as though to undo once and for all the powers of sunlight, "*Eh bien! on vient manger du poisson?*"

There was rarely such sunshine again. The mists and lacy showers of the Breton coast played over the almost unvarying afternoon promenade, with the *goûter* of bread and chocolate taken along in a string bag, and the subdued hours, marked by a quiet desperation of waiting, of delayed hope, on the little gravelly beach down the hill past the cemetery. Perhaps the hope was that

the tide might turn sooner; or that the Beautiful People, whose reflections we put together out of the play of light and shifting wetnesses across the floor of the bay, would come over and make friends with us. We didn't see them the one time we made the great trek over to St. Brieuc—naturally, since Mme. Henriot and her sickly son were along, and perhaps other people from the hotel. She didn't go in for that sort of acquaintance; it was many years before I knew how right we had been, and what marvellous foot-steps and voices were really there. That hike was the big, the only event of the summer. It had to be done, of course, at a time of spring-tide when the bay would stay dry long enough, and even so we turned back long before the cathedral and the last mile or two we were racing over the damp sand to make it, so we never heard of the founding saint of the city, Brieuc or Brioc, either. But then he was merely a Breton saint, one of hundreds not canonized by Rome.

The thirteenth-century judge, Saint Yves, from Tréguier a little to the west, did get official recognition; but by his time the rather terrifying qualities of the early Breton saints had given way to virtues more acceptably Christian. A famous jingle of the period put it this way:

*Sanctus Yvos erat Brito
Advocatus sed non latro
Res miranda populo.*

("Saint Yves was a Breton, a lawyer but not a thief, a fact of wonder to the people"). He is the most prevalent figure, after Christ, in sculpture all over Brittany, so Mme. Henriot may have condescended to mention him, but I don't recall that she did. In general her Parisian contempt for Bretons was flawed only by the two standard allowances, for their costumes ("picturesque") and their piety, the latter especially when displayed in honour of Mary. Not that all Paris has always been so oblivious in that regard. French literature would be poorer without its infusions of Breton romance, you might say the kinship by proxy with Wales and Ireland; and the history of the France-Brittany relation, from Clovis to De Gaulle, runs the gamut of violent contradictions. Name an attitude, you'll find it there, on both sides. Still, Mme. Henriot was not altogether untypical of the average "*Parigot*" (Parisian) taking advantage of the coast in summer, and dragons, sacred springs, or any other Celtic property of the province were not up her alley at all. She could have gone on pooh-poohing magic while being turned literally into a toad, a not too far-fetched possibility in our opinion.

To be sure the woods in which nearly every afternoon, with her interior cash register ringing furiously, she parcelled out our little shares of the *goûter*, were not the Forest of Brocéliande. They seemed eerie enough; Merlin the Enchanter, Vivien, the

wonderful castle could perfectly well have risen up before our eyes. The real thing, though, is far over inland and to the south.

Nor could the coast at that spot boast anything like the fierce legend-laden rocks that thrust out of the sea around Tréguier and at the now hopelessly be-touristed point of the peninsula, or those other and perhaps fiercer man-worked rocks, the menhirs and dolmens of the Morbihan on the south shore. So we were perhaps short on dwarves of the magical variety, who tended to take up residence in the old dolmens, and certain other legendary characters and happenings associated with the lives of fishermen. But there were springs, so there must have been korrigans, the terrible blonde ladies usually found combing their hair by the water, and all Brittany is dragon country.

I don't mean there was actually a dragon scare that summer. There hadn't been in quite some time, but in Brioc's time, late fifth and sixth centuries, there had been plenty and a certain aura, a certain alertness of faculties in the true Breton toward that category of happening, remained and still remains, as clear as the footprint in stone left by Tristram over in Finistère. King Arthur, for one, killed a dragon not far up the coast, with the help of a saint named Eflam. More often the immigrant saints of that period, most of whom crossed the channel in a stone tub instead of the sort of vessel used by ordinary people who were being squeezed out of England at the same time, had an equally odd power over dragons. Instead of having to slay them, they merely ordered them to go off into the sea and drown themselves and the dragons obeyed. But perhaps that technique would have been humiliating for the king. Anyway Eflam, for that and other good deeds, got a great stone cross in his honour on the beach nearby. The cross is sinking by the length of a grain of wheat every hundred years and will disappear at the end of the world.

That is not in the immediate neighbourhood of Hillion, and neither is the Great Rock, but these are matters of general Breton currency to some extent, even though the settings of the stories are always localized. The marvellous is in them all and a grand scale of personality befitting it, in saints and witches alike, and real heroes and villains of history, and of course the people of the Arthurian cycle in all their local commutations. In such a climate, and such a pagan-Christian amalgam in the ways of seeing things, almost anything might become legend. There is the poor woman who made bad crêpes, so was doomed forever after to cook crêpes that disappeared as soon as she put them on the plate; and at the other end of the scale, always recurring, related it would seem to the extravagant dignity and fantasy of Breton cemeteries and also to the brooding sorrow that hangs over so many of the tales, the themes of Death and Redemption. The stories are of hope, but not particularly comforting; the journey of the dead is very long, and like the quest for the Grail in the old versions, subject to strange


caprice.

Deep down in the Great Rock, which rises from the sea, there is a city waiting to be brought back to life. The more famous city under the sea, the City of Is off the southern shore—some say in the Bay of Douarnenez, so there are gas stations et cetera named for it around there—is also waiting to be redeemed, as well it might considering how it came to sink, but in that case the required act has a Christian label. A mass is being said down there, which is always lacking the last phrase, and what is needed is for a sailor or somebody to go down and at the right moment furnish the missing words. Then all would be saved. But so far the poor shipwrecked fellows who have happened in on the gathering have always been tongue-tied. What the city in the rock is waiting for would appear to antedate the Catholic liturgy, so it has presumably been waiting much longer. Every seven years at Christmas-time the rock opens, letting out sounds of wild revelry from the brightly lit streets below, and if a person were able to start swimming down at the first stroke of midnight and be out on the twelfth, that city too would rise again.

These are very sad stories, and so is the thought of the drowned sailors of Brittany, who will pull you down to their place under the sea if you steal so much as a board from the wrecked hulks of their ships along the beach.

What did we know of all this, making cities of pebbles on the beach, fooling in Protestant levity with our smuggled-in candies amid the great granite gloom of the church throughout mass each Sunday? Nothing; we knew nothing; not even the miracle of Saint Ronan that occurred right there in Hillion, for he went there to get away from a lot of bother associated with the City of Is and it was in our very village that he died. If we fell to playing with the peasant children we were snatched away by Mme. Henriot, who thought them "*mal élevés*." Yet in some fashion we must have picked up the sense of that other dimension of the place, it had later so much the force of a recaptured memory, nothing new at all. We knew no Breton, so it can't have been from the ballads which were still being sung in the natural ways, not in cooked-up "festivals" as they are now.

I don't know how it was, but I have an impression of having learned at least about Saint Ronan, and in fact of having been in communication with him, by way of the church bell. It was a grey afternoon and I was lying on the goose-feather puff, listening to the bell tolling tremendously, on and on and on, for an old man's funeral. In reality it might have been for the philosopher Georges Palantes, a teacher at the lycée in St. Brieuc and prototype of the tragic and grotesque hero of a powerful novel written some years later by one of his students, Louis Guilloux; I learned then that he had had a cottage in Hillion, and had been buried there around that time. We were spending the after- (Continued on page 204)



CHOOSING UP SIDES

After twenty-odd years of explaining one country to another, I begin to wonder if there is any such thing as national character. Luigi Barzini gives an unmistakably sharp picture of the Italians. V. S. Pritchett makes Spain so Spanish that the Spaniards I know (who talk about Sev'll, while I'm trying to say Sayvealya) seem like exiled Oxford bloods. Before the Englishness of Sir Arthur Bryant's England, my jaw drops in awe. But I pick it up again when I consider that all these writers describe people in a particular landscape or society and delineate what is peculiar about them without reference to any other landscape or society.

On the whole, I have concluded that until we can collect all these nations on a cloud and straighten the whole thing out in Heaven, we had better believe that people who live in certain surroundings tend to behave in a certain way (it is the glory, more often the cussedness, of the human race that it usually makes mincemeat of this tendency). Because we never see how these people, with their identical characters, would behave in different surroundings, we presume that their character and their locality are somehow deeply and mysteriously ordained. Yet I look around me at real people, in the intervals of looking straight ahead at "America" and "Americans," and I wonder, for instance, why Senator Paul Douglas is not a Scottish divine, he talks and looks so much like one. I have often seen Pierre Salinger conning innocent tourists into a trip to Capri's Blue Grotto on days when the rolling sea would have the whole boat in nausea. But there are people who insist he is a Virginian at heart, and a Californian by blood as well as statutory residence. The point is that the testimony of his looks is against it. He is typical of the jolly, guileful characters who hang around the docks at Marseilles or Naples.

I dwell on Mr. Salinger not, of course, from any personal concern about him, for he seems to be doing very nicely, but because he was the first example to hand of the perils of generalizing about national character. The trouble is that since they invented printing, and worse—television travel ads—we have begun to hear about our national character and live up to it. Regional character is worse; it opens up another whole set of escape hatches from behaving sensibly in a pinch. John F. Kennedy, as we all know, was not only an Irishman but a Boston Irish politician, yet he winced at the slap on the shoulder and never wept in his beer. He was indeed the most English (if there is any such thing) of our Presidents in his temperament and in his fondness for chasers of wry humour. When I hear politicians, as who has not lately, staking their pride on being Sons of the Old Dominion, or the "Big Sky" West, I recall H. W. Nevins's melancholy conclusion after three years as a war correspondent on the Western front: "It was the emotional French who were steady, the efficient Americans who were slow, the imperturbable British who were hysterical."

Is there, as Mort Sahl used to say, any group here that has not been insulted? I hear some sulky man say, How About You? As a foreign correspondent I distinguish among five categories of suspicious acquaintances. 1. Those who think I am not an American citizen and wonder why. 2. Those who know I am and wonder why. 3. Those who assume that a correspondent for an English paper, *The Guardian* of Manchester, is an Englishman, and act accordingly ("Well, old top, pretty dim Convention and all that, what?"). 4. Those who attribute any view of an American writer, politician, *entrée*, or crooner that is not theirs to forgivable ignorance of the subject ("I can see that, *with your background*, you would feel that way."). Fifthly, and blessedly, there are those who don't care; but they are already on the edge of friendship, the secret society whose essential bond is a shared supply of thumping, en-

*A transatlantic memoir
by one of the world's best-known foreign correspondents,*

ALISTAIR COOKE

*who believes that in any democracy everyone
should stand up and be counted.*

thusiastic, unreasoning prejudices. If we are so gullible and mixed-up about our real characters as I have been hinting, the situation looks glum for even an intelligible account of the different characteristics of British and American elections. But here is the odd thing about the whole "Ugly American"—"Latins Are Lousy Lovers"—"The English, Are They Human?" hassle. While the natives of this planet are, I do believe, fundamentally alike and infinitely various, what sets them off from each other is character traits so easy to sense but so difficult to label that everybody gives up and collapses into identifying the traits with the country (or state, or county, or village) of origin. I'm not saying that people who live in the same country don't have a great deal in common. They would go mad if they didn't. But what brings them together again, from a sheer self-protective desire to save themselves from the anarchy of their different characters, is the code of habits of the particular cave they were weaned in.

In other words, the countries that people come from develop a life of their own and drag or charm the natives into it. That is about as far as I'm going to go in dynamiting the accepted anthropological theories, because I want to get on with a little experiment in what we would call "British folkway patterns" and what they would call "normal behaviour."

I'm thinking of the way they run their big election. It can't be called a Presidential election because they don't have a President; and the Prime Minister is chosen not by the people but by the outgoing Prime Minister. That's a black eye for democracy right away. Imagine how we'd feel if we had had no say in the choice of President Johnson, or President Truman (or, for that matter, President Coolidge, President Theodore Roosevelt, President Arthur, President Andrew Johnson, President Fillmore, and President Tyler)!

However, let's not judge them before we see their peculiar democracy at work. A unique opportunity to do this came my way when, in 1955, my editor asked me to go over to Britain and cover the General Election. He told me to jog around the country and just write "off-the-cuff." It was in vain to tell him that I might be able to file off-the-cuff dispatches about the sponge-fishing industry in Tarpon Springs, Florida, or the influence of Missouri piano manufacturers on the settlement of the Willamette Valley, but that the "Shadow Cabinet" sounded to me like something out of Ian Fleming.

I was called and I went. I had never covered or even voted in a British election. My only memories, or it would be better to say fantasies, of British politics had been spun by my father, an incurable Manchester Liberal. (A Manchester Liberal is a man who believes in Adam Smith, free speech, and the respectability of the family and is suspicious of Socialists, cotton manufacturers, and the Church of England. That's all.)

I heard often about my father's hero, Lloyd George, and the tumult of the old election rallies in Manchester's Free Trade Hall. I was told how once he had had to disguise himself as a woman—which was no trick at all to the Welsh Wizard—to escape the fury of an insensate mob in, I think, Birmingham. So I knew, when I arrived in London, that I was approaching the peak of the British voters' frenzy. We Americans were in something of a tizzy ourselves, because our election was only eighteen months away and Chief Justice Warren was constantly having to deny that he might seize the torch from the ailing Eisenhower. The polls showed Estes Kefauver an easy winner if the Republicans sprung Nixon out of Ike's probable retirement. And here was Britain only *ten days* away!

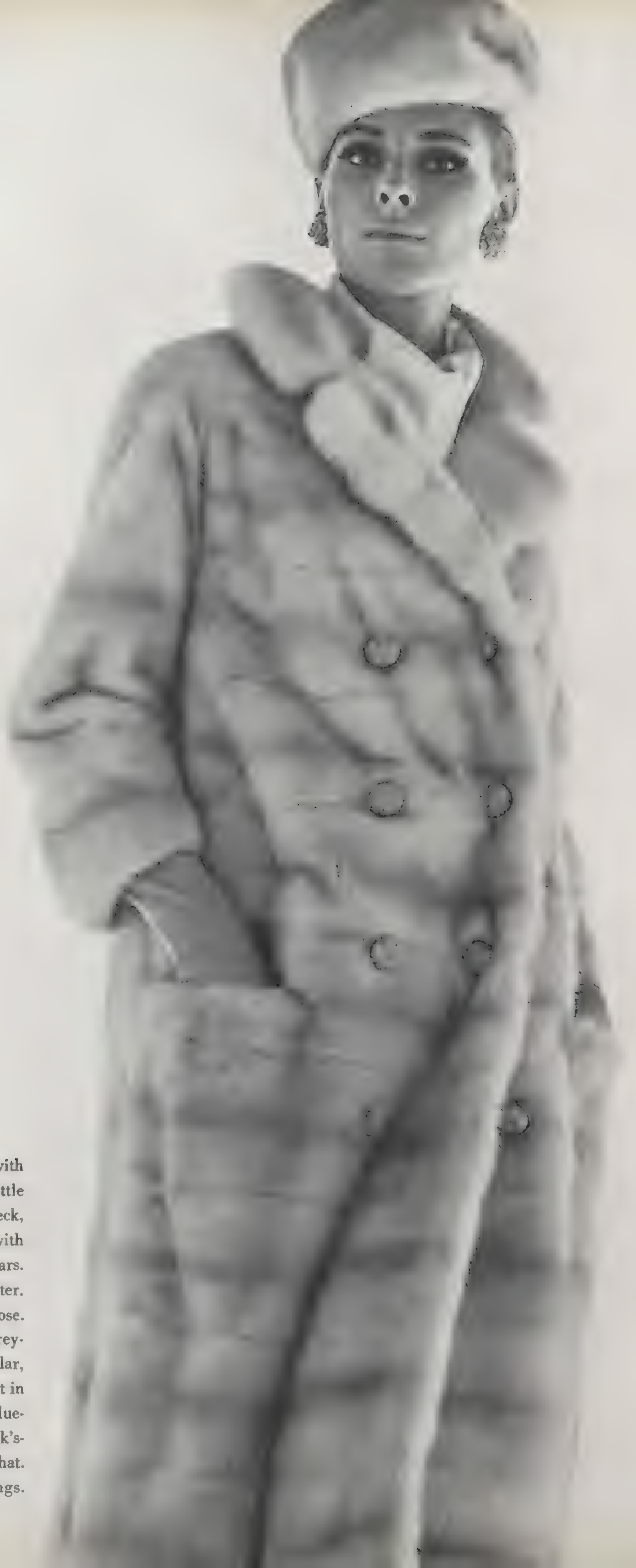
On the bus from the airport I hoped for a quick emotional briefing on the men and the issues from the electioneering posters and billboards we were bound to pass. There were one or two for "Truman,"* always outside pubs but otherwise unexplained. A more promising one said, (Continued on page 202)

*Truman is a British ale.





THE NEW
FURS—
FITTED
CHINCHILLA,
VIOLET-
GREY MINK



A new world of chinchilla, left—young and charming, with downy grey skins worked on the horizontal. The narrow little coat here has a slender band of grey stitched silk at the neck, a run of buttons on grey silk down the front. Worn, here, with a marvellous pouf-of-chinchilla hat, brilliance at the ears. Coat of Aurora chinchilla, by Betty Yokova for Neustadter. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. The chinchilla hat by Amrose. Mink the colour of misted heather, right—all pale grey-violet flattery worked on the horizontal with a notched collar, close shoulders, big roomy pockets. With a fat mink beret in the same colour—officially: “Azurene,” Emba natural blue-grey mink. Coat by Ben Kahn. At Gidding-Jenny; Bullock’s-Wilshire; Creed’s of Toronto. Bersoie scarf. Miss Alice hat. Both pages: Marcel Wagner gloves; Apex Art earrings.



THE NEW FURS—
SMOKY MINK,
TAWNY SABLE



Mink shirt, in a new smoke-brown, far left: a swagger little coat that's cut, with charming impudence, like a boy's shirt—even to the shirttails. The long sleeves end in shirt-cuffs, the buttons are almost as tiny as shirt-buttons.... Made of Umpa natural ranch mink, circularly worked, in a new smoky, glossy taupe-brown called Tyrian Glo. Coat, by and at Ritter Bros. Also at Goldwaters; Bullock's-Wilshire; Holt Renfrew of Canada. More brown tonalities: the skirt by Sloat, the long suède boots by Herbert Levine; both at Bonwit Teller. The gloves by Fuchs. Sable—its new blond charms, this page. Rediscovered now—the beauty, and becomingness, of Russian sable that's naturally blond—a wonderful tawny colour that's been overshadowed for years by the very dark, black-brown skins. The refreshing news is this: it's not only lighter in colour, but in price.... Here, tawny sable is horizontally worked in a dashing, nine-tenths-length coat, slender, supple, weightless as a cloud. Superb for town, or for the country, as here—with laced herdsman's boots, a cropped brown suède skirt. Coat, of natural blond Russian sable, by and at Maximilian. Brown boots by Nina, of Fleming-Joffe suède; the gloves by Crescendoe-Superb; both at Altman's. Coiffures, on both these pages by Enrico Caruso.



**EVENING GLEAMS—
THE COATDRESS,
IN INDIA PINK**



The coatdress for evening, on both pages—marvellous way of dressing from six o'clock on. Two short, polished versions in pink—the bright, strong pink that blazes in Indian saris. Side-closed coatdress, far left, with buttons starting high under a slender long sleeve—a glorious look to walk into right now. Puffed brocade in a clear India pink, seamed to the body in front, falling away at the back from a deep, oval décolletage. Designed by Dominic for Matty Talmack, in Abraham silk-and-wool. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Jewellery by Apex Art, at Henri Bendel. The skimp coatdress, left, the narrowest blaze of pink silk gabardine, buttoned with brilliants. All suppleness and charm—the straight, sleek seaming through the body; the small, close shoulders and long, very narrow sleeves; the circlet of collar that makes a charming length of neck. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, in Staron silk gabardine. Gloves by Crescendo-Superb. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coatdress, also at Hutzler's; Gus Mayer; Frost Bros. Earrings by Mimi di N. Fabergé Tigress lipstick. Both pages: coiffures by Kenneth.



EVENING GLEAMS— THE LONG, COVERED SATINS

Orangerie dress, left: tendrils of embroidery, in lacquery tangerine and yellow, espaliered on a long, very covered sheath of lemon-yellow satin—a beautifully understated, luxurious look for entertaining at home, or dining at friends' houses. By Gustave Tassell, in Staron silk satin. At Bonwit Teller; Rich's; I. Magnin. Arpad earrings at Henri Bendel.

Fragonard dress, right: water-blue satin in a charming eighteenth-century mood—close little sleeved bodice; a long, rounded skirt that moves enchantingly. The bodice is made in eight seamed pieces that spring into inverted pleats in the skirt, just under the high, tied waist. By Gustave Tassell in Staron silk satin. Necklace by Arpad. Both, Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also Harold's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Kislav gloves. On both pages: orange velvet slippers with a jewelled buckle, by Herbert Levine. Both coiffures, with sleek, braided torsades, by Kenneth. Scandia Mock Purple lipstick.





Pale and lustrous, in the beautiful shadings of pearls by candlelight—three marvellous long looks for a party now. Each, a bare-topped dress with a jacket edged in pearl-coloured mink.

Pearl-grey, farthest left, a narrow dress and a softly curved jacket tied with a high satin bow, edged all around with pale mink. The dress and jacket, double-faced silk faille. Earrings by Pavion-Expansion; at Bergdorf Goodman. Rhinestone thong sandals, by Degas; at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Pearl-beige, near left, a dress with a long-A shape, the jacket rib-length, edged in pearl-beige mink. Dress and jacket, of double-faced silk satin. Mimi di N earrings; at Bonwit Teller. Gloves by Marcel Wagner; at Bergdorf Goodman.

Pearl-white, right, with shoestring straps and rounded skirt, under a snug shell of jacket that's side-buttoned, edged in white mink. Dress and jacket, of double-faced silk faille. Mimi di N earrings; at Bonwit Teller. Gloves by Shalimar; at Bergdorf Goodman. All three dresses by Sarmi, of Abraham fabrics; at Bergdorf Goodman; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Coiffures by Marc Sinclair of Pierre Henri.

EVENING GLEAMS— PEARL COLOURS, CLASPED TO MINK





Night talk

A STORY BY
GILBERT ROGIN

"What made you wake up?"

"Well, first of all, you see I was seeing colours in my head. I think I was just dreaming about colours. Then I heard this crashing noise, and I opened my eyes; in a window across the garden there's a red light burning. Then I saw firemen climbing up and down the fire escapes breaking everybody's windows with big hatchets. At first, I couldn't tell if it was smoke out there or just the regular, natural night. I took one more look and came in your room and got in your bed. It makes it safer. You know, to have someone with you."

"Do you want to talk?"

"I don't care."

"What do you mean you don't care?"

"I mean, I don't care if we do talk and I don't mind if we don't talk."

"Doesn't anything make any difference to you?"

"Maybe I'd feel a little better if we did talk, but it really wouldn't hurt me much if we didn't."

"Do you think we talk enough?"

"What?"

"To each other."

"Yes, even if you're always working, I see you a lot and we talk quite a bit."

"Do you think we're good friends?"

"We're more than friends."

"What are we?"

"Friends that are friends and friendly are more than friends."

"I no capeesh that."

"I'm nine years old. You shouldn't expect too much of me."

"You don't seem very friendly now—here."

"I'm thinking about Anna."

"Anna Banana?"

"I wish you wouldn't always call her that. That's only a little joke we have between us when she comes to baby sit. Her name is Anna Schiano and I hope she's all right."

"Why shouldn't she be?"

"She lives over there, you know. She's lived in that same building for sixty-one years. She told me herself."

"Do you wish I would do more things with you?"

"Not really, because you have to work to get money so you can get time off to do things with me. I don't

mind waiting. But I hate it when I come into your room while you're working, because you say, 'What do you want?' and I have to say, 'Nothing,' because I know you're going to tell me, 'Get out.' It's not 'nothing.' I just want to be with you."

"What kind of things would you like to do with me some day?"

"Maybe play golf."

"Golf! What do you want to play golf for?"

"Because you said it's interesting."

... "Did you think I was sleeping just then?"

"When?"

"A few seconds ago."

"No. When you sleep your eyelids don't wrinkle up. They hang straight down."

"Do you think I was deliberately pretending to be sleeping?"

"Yes, I think you closed your eyes because you wanted to see if I'd stay awake, to see if I care about people or not. Perhaps someone else would go to sleep if they saw their father go to sleep—say it must be O.K., I'll go to sleep, too. You were testing my wits."

"Why would I do that?"

"To see if I could take a responsibility."

... "You still here?"

"I want to make sure nothing happens. That the fire doesn't come across the garden and creep up the stairs. I was looking for little sparks. Go to sleep. I won't let you down or leave you."

"Did anything happen?"

"Anna came out on the fire escape in her nightie. Two firemen went up and led her down to the garden, and she looked up and saw me and waved. I opened the window and shouted at her to see if she was O.K. She said sure, and not to worry about her."

"Did she know I was here?"

"She asked for you, and I said you were tired from working, and I was watching the house so you could get your sleep."

"You're making this up, aren't you?"

"You want her to be all right, don't you—Anna Banana?"


"I want to know if you're telling me the truth."

"Howard, why do you have to be so boring? . . . Please don't cry. I'm sorry. Kiss me, I'm Irish."

BEIGED MAKE-UP WITH A NEW CURVE

We can't resist direct quotes. These come, every last syllable of them, from the great young make-up expert at Max Factor's Rome salon; young man called Gil. Gil believes in beige (as does Max Factor, his sponsor). He believes in beiged make-up, no matter what the situation—day, sporting life, night. Using the new Max Factor palette called Go for Baroque, he made up the face you see at left; made it up for evening—"gallantly." He thinks eyebrows are the most difficult feature. For these, he used Erace; then a scaggle of Brush & Brow. "This gives a aspect 'en désordre'". . . . Then "two straight lines breake the normal mouvement of the eyelid . . . in each corner fall down two diagonal lines to open the eye tremendously." (The line, the work of a newly beiged eye shadow called Coco Baroque.) Then, it seems, it is "sweet to find the mouth." This finding was via a lipstick called Baroque Beige—which is almost as beige as one's skin, but glimmered with iridescence (even beiger is the colour he'd apply for day or sunstruck skiing, the new Coco Baroque). Nail enamel: Coco Baroque. . . . Hair dressed by Kenneth assisted by hairpieces. Necklace: Vendôme. Overblouse, page 176.





The real fun of the Italian boutique collections begins when the gala opening show is over; then, the big hits seem to whiz directly off the Pitti Palace runway and start fanning out all over the world within hours—worn with enormous verve by the beautiful and spirited women everywhere. . . . Mirsa's black knitted cotton shorts, wildly striped in green and orange, were bought instantly by Principessa Laudomia Hercolani to wear for sunny late-summer weekends in Sardinia, at the fashionable Hotel Abi d'Oru. . . . Mrs. Howard Oxenburg, island-hopping in the Mediterranean, wore Forquet's collarless silk shift in yellow and mauve. . . . Monica Vitti appeared at the Lido in Venice wearing Trico's languorous mauve-and-cinammon knitted pyjamas, the day after scoring a tremendous hit in Antonioni's new movie, *Red Desert*, at the Venice Film Festival. . . . In Rome, at the new Doney's on the Via Veneto, where everyone gathers for apéritifs at noon, Principessa Luciana Pignatelli in the marvellous green lizard Fiorentina sandals that everybody's mad about—Principessa Anne-Marie Aldobrandini, Signora Mariella Pallavicino, Principessa Irene Galitzine, are other owners. . . . Mrs. William S. Paley yachting in a favourite Galitzine turnout: orange silk top and pants, jacket of orange, yellow, and green silk. . . . For weekends on the Costa Brava, in Spain, Ava Gardner bought Biki's amusing white cable-knit "tennis" pullover, embroidered in black and green sequins, to wear in the evening with pants or a long dinner skirt. . . . At the Sans Souci restaurant in Rome: Duchessa Marina Lante delle Rovere arriving for dinner, perched behind her husband on a Vespa motor scooter, and wearing Dalco's shiny sequinned boots. . . . Looking ahead to after-ski evenings in St. Moritz, Contessa Kiki Brandolini bought Forquet's magnificent floor-length coat in muted Paisley print on dark-red velvet, over palazzo pyjamas; the print itself, one of Fabriziani's beauties. . . . Virna Lisi, the young Italian movie star now appearing with Jack Lemmon in *How to Murder Your Husband*, is appearing off-screen in Valentino's Arabian Nights burnoose, in black and white. . . . Other boutique hits that will be turning up in the sun at Palm Beach and Jamaica, or in the snow at Sestriere and Cervinia: Emilio Pucci's strong, exciting prints of African totems, masks, waves on Lake Tanganyika, sunsets in Watusiland. . . . Antonelli's wild, wonderful ski jackets and pants of shaggy goatskin. . . . Livio de Simone's pink sarong, straight from a Gauguin painting. . . . The extraordinary little beach turnout by Glans: hip-riding black linen shorts and a completely transparent white organdie blouse, with two black linen pockets masking the bosom. . . . Laura Aponte's long, knitted tube for evenings at home, vertically striped in every colour of the rainbow. . . . Krizia's harlequin blouse in black and white, bordered with mink. . . . Galitzine's sensational bathing suit of leopard-printed silk, slashed to below the navel and lightly tied across the bosom, that made even the carabinieri in the Pitti Palace blanch.


Left: Knitted white wool pull dotted with huge black-ringed punch-outs for random glimpses of sleek, tanned skin and a smidge of black wool bikini. Photographed in the Foro Italico in Rome among giant statues of athletes, each given by a different region of Italy. This, one of the sports arenas in the extraordinary E.U.R. section of Rome—once planned as the site of an Esposizione Universale di Roma—now a kind of city within a city—a marriage of skyscrapers and green parks, apartments, museums, and formal gardens. Knitted pull and bikini by Micia at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Earrings by Nucci for Micia. Cache folie coiffure by Vergottini of Milan.

ITALIAN BOUTIQUES: WHAT'S ON THE BEST-SELLER LIST NOW



ITALIAN BOUTIQUES:
THE BLACK
AND WHITE IDEA



More black and white from Italy, photographed in the Foro Italico in Rome. Worn by Barbara Steele, an Irish-born actress with a swing of dark hair and almond-shaped eyes whose rôle as an American actress in "8½" touched off a string of parts in both French and Italian movies. *Left:* Knitted palazzo pyjamas, boldly checked in black-and-white wool. The black top plunges low and is leashed with yellow leather above belled trousers. Earrings by Mimi di N. *Right:* Sleeveless dress that's a long knitted flume of white wool with great strokes of black zigzagging from neck to hem. Both pages: outfits by Maljana. At Lord & Taylor; Neusteters; I. Magnin. The coiffures on both pages: a toupet arranged in a *cache folie* by Vergottini of Milan.

PARIS FASHION COUNTRY

From the Paris boutiques, country pants turned out in their native habitat: the succulent watercolour-fields of the French countryside — fifteen minutes from Paris.

Castillo turnout, both pages, in yellow-and-brown plaid; witty buckled boots, like an Argentine Gaucho's. Close-up, near right: the dashing proportion—straight-cut mid-calf pants and boots of supple coffee-bean-brown calfskin, flapped and buckled above squarish toes. Boots by d'Aya for Castillo. Full-length view—the pants and a jacket with slashed pockets, collared and cuffed in brown corduroy; creamy silk shirt and silk foulard tied like a stock; belt of mocha suède studded with golden nailheads, chained in gilt. Turnout from Castillo Boutique. Suit: I. Magnin.





Pants turnout, giant checks, this page. Brown-and-white wool deep in a haystack . . . correct little double-breasted suit jacket moving in on the body at the front above straight-legged pants. By Castillo Boutique. I. Magnin. Pants wrap-up, opposite, in a sun-bleached hayfield—part of the luminous sweeping countryside just outside Paris. The reversible skirt wraps and buckles on the side—grey-side out here, camel-side in—showing a glimpse of perfect mid-thigh shorts in the same reversible wool. Stashed into everything, the dash of a Paisley sweater in blue, camel, and grey. Worn with heavy beige socks, like an eighteenth-century highlander's, with a bounce of pompons at the knee; laced walking shoes. Turnout by Hermès. Of Gêrondeau wool.





PARIS FASHION COUNTRY

U.S. FASHION COUNTRY



Great looks in the country now—which, on these and the next pages, is the vast coast and forest country of Mendocino County in northern California. *Above*, a camel wool cape with balmacaan shoulders, slot seams outlining its A-shape that swings over sweaters, pants. Cape, and matching dress (not shown), by Abe Schrader; about \$145. Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Magnin. *Below*, pea jacket with big pockets, side slits, a back belt; the pants, lean and straight. Tan camel's hair, with a sweater the same colour. All by Stanley Nelson (Warren of Stafford fabric); about \$230 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Harzfeld's. Glasses: Sandow. Coiffures: Gene Shacove of Beverly Hills. *Opposite*, a helmet of pheasant feathers, with a marvellous cardigan coat and dress of pheasant-coloured tweed. Dress, about \$125; coat, about \$215; both by Rudi Gernreich, of wool tweed (Len Artel fabric). Helmet by Leon Bennett for Rudi Gernreich. All at Henri Bendel; Amelia Gray. Gloves by Etienne Aigner.



COAST TO COAST





U.S. FASHION COUNTRY

This page, a sweater-coat of pale mink with a cardigan neck, sweater buttons, the skins worked vertically like knitted ribs. Here, it's wrapped against the chill of the beautifully rugged Mendocino coastline of northern California where high cliffs cut between the wild water and moors of wildflowers, and kittiwakes swoop to pick at the huge raging waves. Coat by and at Georges Kaplan, of Canada Majestic natural pale beige mink. Belle-Sharmeer stockings. Shoes by Fiorentina. *Opposite*, under redwood, the great looks of a suit in forest-colours—a jacket of misty grey-brown, a skirt of bright brown pleats, a turtleneck sweater in dark shadowy grey. All, of Scottish wool. Suit, by Sportswear Couture; about \$195. At Henri Bendel; Halle Bros.; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Coiffure by Gene Shacove of Beverly Hills. The magnificent tree trunks showing here, in a deep acoustical carpet of moss and ferns part of the stately timberlands of the Union Lumber Company in Fort Bragg, California.





U.S. FASHION COUNTRY

Heathery spice-dashed tweed, pale narrow knitted wool—both, marvellous in fashion country, and great ways for going coast-to-coast now. Another great way: the snappy service of American Airlines that offers passengers this new variety program—a choice of stereo music, movies, or television. Also on the program, and coming any plane now is the idea of showing, on screen, a picture of the approaching terrain taken by a nose camera with telescopic lens. (This, over the Grand Canyon for instance, should be a ★★★★★ spectacular.)

At left—with wildflowers—a suit of hand-woven Irish wool tweed in cinnamon and white, with a simple little cropped jacket, a skirt with the breezy motion of two pleats on each side. Here, it's worn with the addition of a spiced-pink silk shirt. Suit by Davidow; about \$160. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Rich's; I. Magnin. Knee socks (with tassels added), by Adler; shoes of Corfam; at Lord & Taylor. Coiffure by Gene Shacove of Beverly Hills. *At right*, a limber young dress of mauve knitted wool in two pieces, the narrow overblouse edged with puffy little knobs of crocheting. By Kimberly; about \$70. Shoulder-strapped handbag by M.M. Bonnie Doon socks. All at Bloomingdale's. The dress, also at Julius Garfinckel; Himelhoch's; Neiman-Marcus. V.I. Peach lipstick by Dorothy Gray. The background, on both pages: the kind of scenery found on the hairpin-turn road from the San Francisco airport to Mendocino—grey ocean frothing on the rocks, a beach backed up with flower-topped cliffs.





U.S. FASHION COUNTRY

Opposite, to wear for fashion-country rain, or for splashing through a shallow ocean, a rain suit of olive-green vinyl. The jacket, with a close round neck, zipped front and pockets, strapped sleeves; long bell-bottom pants. Both, lined in printed cotton flannel. By Edie Gladstone for Deeb's; of General Tire vinyl by Fleming-Joffe; about \$85 at Altman's; Joseph Horne; Sakowitz. Coiffure by Gene Shacove of Beverly Hills. *Above, left*, a long pullover sweater with narrow sock-ribs, a turtleneck that can pull up to a hood; this, in a plummy country colour—magenta. Here, it's pulled over long straight pants of navy-blue wool flannel. Wool sweater by Jaeger. Pants by Norman Davidson; about \$17. Burkbe coin belt. Both at Bloomingdale's. American Astral gloves. *Top of this page*, a pale gleaming pullover of natural hair seal, hip-length, with a wide neck, easy drop-shouldered sleeves, a back zipper. With it, narrow pants of brown suède-cloth. Fur pullover by Mr. Fred for Fur & Sport; of natural Norwegian hair seal. Pants by Davenshire, of cotton and stretch Du Pont nylon; about \$12. Both at Bloomingdale's. *Directly above*, jump-suit of beige suède with a zip front, a separate hood—this, in the woods, has a certain elfinness. By Leathermode; about \$160 at Saks Fifth Avenue.

BRUCE DAVIDSON





U.S. FASHION COUNTRY

Opposite, wonderful country coat—kit fox in fluffy layers, with a collar and edges of camel wool; here, over straight white flannel pants. Coat by Junior Sophisticates, of South American kit fox; at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Hat by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. *Above*, a dress of camel cashmere with a long overblouse, a slit-oval neck, dickey of charcoal wool. By B. H. Wragge, of Einiger cashmere; about \$155 at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Handbag by Lesco-Lona: Henri Bendel. Derby: Miller's. Stockings: Bonnie Doon. *Below*, an overbloused dress of grey-and-white checks, pointed bias yoke. Miss Georgia by Georgia Bullock; wool and viscose; about \$70. Bonwit Teller; Hovland-Swanson; I. Magnin.

BRUCE DAVIDSON





BEAUTY BULLETIN

THE 7 MOST-TALKED-ABOUT DIETS OF THE MOMENT... A FAST SUMMARY OF HOW THEY WORK, AND WHAT WE THINK OF EACH...

"It isn't official. It isn't for everyone. It's meant for people for whom calorie-cutting isn't effective . . ." **THE SO-CALLED "AIR FORCE DIET."** Probably the most talked-about diet in the country at this moment, and the most chic—if one goes by the names talking it up—is the diet which is said to be being given to certain overweight U. S. Air Force personnel of flying status. Of what it consists we have a better than rough idea, having seen the written version on four sheets of closely-typed paper. However, respecting the reasons behind the official caution that accompanies this diet (no diet should be administered without the blessings of one's own physician, and the latter really should be the diet-prescriber in the first place), we will simply present a rough outline of what the diet is all about—and supplement this with a table of contents on the next two pages. The diet is for people who have difficulty losing weight on the usual low-calorie diet. It works by restricting carbohydrate intake, thereby causing "the body to burn fat for energy instead." The only requirement is that one must restrict carbohydrates to less than 60 grams a day. Which means: count carbohydrate values instead of calories. . . . Thus, breakfast could be a lovely three slices of bacon and coffee. (Some meats, certain shellfish, butter and bacon are zero or close to zero on the carbohydrate scale.) Lunch could be a seafood salad with Russian dressing or French dressing, and a slice of Port Salut or Swiss cheese. Dinner could be oysters, beef, a half cupful of string beans buttered, a leafy salad, and (if you're under your carbohydrate budget) a half-pint serving of ice cream—this is a 14.8 gram carbohydrate splurge. Apples you'd avoid (22.4 grams per apple). Ditto, shredded wheat, honey, sugar. Watermelon? You'd flee from it (one slice, six inches in diameter by one-and-a-half inches in depth, packs a record 41.4 carbohydrate value). More about what can be in the low-carbohydrate diet, next page. Meanwhile, note this and underline it in your thinking: this diet was designed for people for whom the usual low-calorie diet doesn't work. Whether you're one of them is obviously not for us to say. . . .

" . . . and then you drink the rest of the bottle for dinner." **THE EGG AND WINE DIET.** Oh, good. Just when the craze for crash diets appeared to have subsided—an indication of a general seriousing up about diet after a decade during which most people couldn't gulp down the food fads fast enough—a whole new crash diet rose to eminence this summer and is still going the rounds. To prove that diet-play isn't dead: the Egg and Wine Diet, a weekend diet designed to flip off a few pounds in a few days, with really no trouble to anyone concerned. Providing the reading of wine labels is within his literary frame, even the world's worst cook can manage to make the Egg and Wine Diet delectable. For instance. Breakfast is one egg cooked any style, and one glass of any wine—red, white, or rosé. Lunch is two eggs cooked any style and another glass from the same old bottle. Dinner tidies up the wine cellar—for this meal, you drink the rest of the bottle and eat a small steak. . . . Silly? Of course. All crash diets, like all sporadic diet deprivations, are silly, because their effects are so brief. Even so, this one would seem to support two persistent medical points. Point One: In any brief diet, it doesn't matter what you eat as long as the calorie (Continued on next page)

THE BODY STOCKING—REWARD FOR DIET RESTRAINT. *Certainly the most sensational single piece of underwear to come along since the famous Birthday Suit by the same author, the new, almost invisible foundation maillot by Warner's. Made like a stretch stocking, it does for the figure what a stretch stocking does for legs—it works against gravity; smooths perceptibly. From this revolutionary all-in-one should come a race of underclothes breathing a whole new kind of life and freedom. Absolutely bulkless control knitted in rather than sewn in; a nothingness to pack or launder. Golden-skin stretch nylon with tiny straps, all else cut away at neckline, back, and leg; about \$11. Ready early in November at Altman's; Rich's; Marshall Field; I. Magnin.*



CARBOHYDRATE TABLE

Category	Household Measure	Grams
milk		
Whole milk	8 oz.	11.8
Ice Cream	1/2 pint serving	14.8
cheese		
Cheese	1 oz. serving	.5
Cottage Cheese	1 rounded tablespoon	1.3
fats		
Bacon	3 strips	.0
Butter	1 tablespoon	.0
French dressing	1 tablespoon	1.9
Margarine	— — —	.0
Salad oil	— — —	.0
Mayonnaise	1 tablespoon	.2
eggs		
Egg	1	.73
meats		
Bologna	2 slices	1.0
Frankfurter	1	1.9
Hash	1 serving	1.9
Chicken, Turkey, Ham, Veal, Beef, Lamb, Pork		.0
nuts		
Mixed	10-15	3.0
fish		
Oysters	4-6	1.2
Shrimp	5-6	.5
vegetables		
Asparagus	6 stalks	2.0
Beans, green	1/2 cup	2.0
Beans, lima	1/2 cup	23.5
Beet greens	1/2 cup	5.6
Beets	2 medium	9.7
Broccoli	1/2 cup	5.6
Brussels sprouts	6	6.2
Cabbage	2/3 cup cooked	5.3
Carrots	1 large	9.3
Cauliflower	4 tablespoons	3.4
Celery	2 stalks	1.9
Corn	1 ear	20.5
Cucumber	1/2	1.4
Eggplant	1/2 cup cooked	5.5
Kale	1/2 cup cooked	7.2
Lettuce	5 leaves	.9
Lettuce	1/4 head	1.8
Okra	6 pods	19.0
Onions	2/3 small	10.3
Green peas	1/2 cup	17.7
Potato	1 small	19.1
Spinach	1/2 cup cooked	3.2
Squash	1/2 cup cooked	3.9
Tomatoes	1 medium	.4
fresh fruit		
Apples	1 large	22.4
Apricots	2-3	12.9
Avocado	1/2	5.1
Banana	1 small	23.0
Strawberries	10 large	8.1
Other berries	2/3 cup	15.1

BEAUTY BULLETIN

count is low. (You can live on a reel of salami, or on nothing but coffee ice cream for a while—no harm done unless you have some sort of systemic difficulty, in which case you'd know better than to be a fool.) Point Two: A feeling of well-being is essential in dieting. In *this* diet, wine provides euphoria—in what may be a much wiser way than in many of the diet pills handed out these days. In such pills, an appetite-inhibitor is combined with a pep ingredient—the latter, being amphetamine, may be prone to unreliable effects. Checking through a medical reference book in which professional products are described in full, we recently found this description of one branded diet pill much in use: "... provides relief from emotional stress associated with dieting." The pill, a spansule packed like a miniature glass candy machine, with lots of jolly colours and 15 mgs. of a form of amphetamine, leads us to this conclusion: Candy is dandy. But for anyone *normally able* to drink and enjoy wine, wine in a two-day diet would seem (at least until further medical notice) safer than the pill-way to handle "emotional stress associated with dieting."

"It's the loneliness that breaks down the diet resolve. . .". THE METRED-DRINK DIET, REVISED. Although something like \$75,000,000 are spent annually on such metred-drink diets as Metrecal—obviously down a few million since their spectacular heyday—the market for and use of these products has changed radically; changed for the better in the long run. Instead of living meal-in, meal-out, on nothing but diet liquid, the diet-drink dieter now does this: allows himself *one* convivial meal a day. He (or more likely *she*—the surveys say women are the big users) can have one or two meals each day that consist of a can of diet drink or diet soup, then go on to join friends or family on equal eating terms at one daily meal. Although such a pattern obviously leaves the strict mathematics of measured calories at somewhat loose ends, the advantages are clear: this is a pleasant way to live. As a professional Metrecal-watcher recently put it, "The loneliness of the long-distance dieter can be unbearable. This way, the pleasant sociability of sharing a meal with others gives him one daily break from his isolation." For the extremely obese, the luxury of any form of normal eating is out of the question. But for the mildly overweight, a modified program consistently followed is far more healthy on a long-term basis. The part-food, part-diet-drink plan drives steadily onward toward a curtailed but supportable way of eating—with no wild fluctuations of figure, psyche, size of clothes and fit of skin. . . .

"Lipogenesis, which means fat-making, seemed to increase with concentrated feasts, decrease with scattered meals. . .". THE NIBBLING DIET. There was, it seems, a sleek rat named Laboratory Animal X, who never sat down to a full meal. Instead, he nibbled his way across the day and night, eating a series of miniature meals—the total caloric count of which added up to one good-sized meal. And gorgeously svelte he stayed. . . . On the other hand, a fat rat, henceforth designated as Laboratory Animal Y, ate nothing between meals, but was fed once a day a rat's version of a rousing Henry-the-Eighth feast—its caloric count exactly equalling the caloric count of skinny X's snacks all lumped together. And, you guessed it: fat Y stayed fat. . . . Switching Fat Rat Y onto Thin Rat X's scattered food-track, the laboratory technicians at the University of Wisconsin Medical School, the site of this experiment, observed a remarkable improvement in the figure of formerly-fat Rat Y. (Suddenly he could wear *anything*, we suppose.) . . . Many X's and Y's later, word on the findings began to shimmer through scientific talk on obesity, the sum of which suggested not that a scattering of meals is more slender-making than one huge meal, but rather that *some* constitutions appear to benefit by this plan. This implication could be of considerable importance. What it suggests is that certain types of constitutions appear to be diet-resistant ("resistant obese" was the phrase one scientific paper used); that to get to the heart of what makes those exceptions stay overweight, reduction of caloric intake may not be enough; a shake-up in the eating pattern may also be required. . . . Hence, the nibbling diet. One human in-patient, put on the nibbling diet, reports the following procedure: First, a total fast for 48 hours, designed not to effect a spectacular loss of weight, but rather to break a metabolic pattern of "augmented lipogenesis." (With the fast, water, tea, coffee, any no-cal.

beverage were acceptable.) From then on: six meals a day—breakfast, mid-morning, lunch, mid-afternoon, dinner and bedtime. Every one of these the same size, and not just snacks. Overall, the daily menu insisted on one egg; eleven ounces lean meat; two cups of skim milk; two servings of fruit; two to four cups of vegetable; a half slice of bread; and seven servings of fat. The fat, in such forms as safflower oil, or mayonnaise, or English walnuts, or corn-oil margarine, incorporated as polyunsaturated fatty acids to accelerate the rate of oxidation of body fat. Calories in all: 1,320. Other supplements: thyroidal compound and, once every ten days, a diuretic.

“Like major surgery or the use of potent drugs”: THE STARVATION DIET.

Starvation diets are essentially fat diets; the fat—one’s own. What you live on all the time you’re hewing the famine line is: all that extra fat. Burning it up. A pleasant thought, but fraught with hardships that make one remember that the lives one has to live still number, despite science, one. However, there are starvation diets *and* starvation diets, some more attractive than others; all, much talked about now by both doctors and civilians. Examples: *Prolonged fasting*. Drastic fasting. At the University of California, eleven obese, ambulatory patients “starved” from 12 to 117 days. Intake of absolutely nothing except water and vitamins. . . . Hunger pangs continued for two to four days, then disappeared. Thirst abated and water consumption decreased drastically (water, to some, began to be unappetizing). There were some early side effects—mild headaches, a little nausea, considerable tension—but fasting became easier the longer it lasted. Rapid and extensive loss of weight resulted in prompt improvement of the condition of patients with serious respiratory or cardiovascular embarrassments. Average weight loss: almost a pound a day. . . . *Periodic fasting*. At the Pennsylvania Hospital, shorter periods of food privation, 4 to 14 days, followed up at intervals with 1- or 2-day fasts, produced inspiring effects in 50 cases of intractable obesity. Allowed during the fasting: water, weak tea, coffee, artificial sweeteners, non-nutritious beverages; vitamins twice a day. Physical exercise discouraged. 2½ pints a day average pound loss. Following the fast, diets from 900 to 1,500 calories were resumed abruptly. Intermittent 1- to 2-day fasts fixed things up when weight once again threatened to get out of hand. Obviously, only for the stubbornly obese and not for the “comfortably” overweight; obviously to be pursued under close, qualified medical supervision within hospital walls and with vitamin supplements; but surprising in the way it creates anorexia (the medical-paper word for absence of appetite) and a euphoria that for some patients makes the treatment such a treat that they are reluctant to get back on the foodstuff. . . . “Like major surgery or the use of potent drugs,” said the researchers of the Pennsylvania diet, starvation diets “are to be employed with a high degree of selection.”

“I suppose you’d say that that person sitting in my reception room is a glutton. . . .” MORE ABOUT THE HUMAN CHORION GONADOTROPIN INJECTION SERIES FOR WEIGHT-LOSS. . . . When, in the August 15 issue of *Vogue*, we at last broke our own silence about this treatment, it was in the nature of reportage-on-where-we-stand; most consumer magazines that we know of are not equipped to issue medical statements—and it’s hardly news that even in the medical profession there are differences of opinion. The latter situation prevails in the case of this interesting treatment originated in Rome at the Salvador Mundi Hospital, under the direction of the famous Dr. Simeons whose book about the treatment, *Pounds and Inches*, a guidebook for physicians and patients, has been published in English in Rome. As described in *Vogue*, the treatment is both diet and injection—and as such can not be omitted from this diet summary. To recap: for some thirty or forty days running, the patient sees the doctor qualified to administer this treatment. Treatment usually consists of a daily measuring, daily weighing, and a daily injection of chorion gonadotropin, which, if we have it correctly, is given in the same fashion that insulin injections are given and is a secretion of the pituitaries. Resistant obesity cases appear to do well on it. Women in need of spot reduction also claim successes as a result of it. Is it safe? we are asked. We can claim safety for nothing—*aspirin*, or *mare’s milk* or even any one fashion, come right down to it. However, although he disputes the value of the injection aspect of the (Continued on page 184)

Cantaloupe	1/2 melon	6.9
Grapefruit	1/2 small	10.1
Grapes	22	16.1
Lemons	1 medium	8.7
Orange	1 small	11.2
Orange Juice	1/2 cup	12.9
Peach	1 medium	12.0
Pear	1 medium	15.8
Pineapple	1/2 cup	13.7
Plums	3 medium	12.9
Rhubarb	1 cup	3.8
Watermelon	1 slice (6" dia. x 1 1/2")	41.4

canned fruit

Cherries	1/2 cup	20.0
Cranberry Sauce	1 tablespoon	10.2
Pineapple	1 slice	21.1

dried fruits

Apricots	4-6	20.0
Prunes	2-3	21.3

flour meal

Corn Meal	1/2 cup	15.0
Corn Starch	1 tablespoon	9.0

bread

White	1 slice	13.0
Rolls	1 Parkerhouse	16.0
Crackers (assorted)	1 2" x 3"	7.0
Graham Cracker	1	7.0

cereals

Cornflakes	1 cup	18.0
Oatmeal	1/2 cup cooked	13.0
Puffed Rice	3/4 cup	8.5
Shredded wheat	1 biscuit	24.0
Spaghetti,		
macaroni	1/2 cup	14.1
Noodles	1/2 cup	14.1
White rice	1/2 cup cooked	15.8
Tapioca	1 tablespoon	12.9

sugars

Honey	1 tablespoon	15.0
Jam	1 level tablespoon	14.2
Jellies	1 level tablespoon	13.0
Brown sugar	1 tablespoon	10.5
Granulated sugar	1 tablespoon	15.0
Syrup—table blends	1 tablespoon	14.8

vegetables—fresh

Turnips	1/2 cup	7.1
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miscellaneous food

Catsup	1 tablespoon	4.8
Tomato juice	1 cup	4.3
Bouillon cubes	2	4.7
Cocoa	2 tablespoons	3.0
Gelatin dessert powder	1 tablespoon	5.3

beverages

Beer	12 oz. bottle	12.0
Coca-Cola, Ginger Ale, etc.	6 oz. bottle	21.6
Gin and Rum	1 jigger	.0
Creme de menthe	1 cordial glass	6.0
Whiskey	— — —	.0
Wine, red	1 wine glass	.5
Wine, port	1 wine glass	4.0
Sherry	1 wine glass	2.4



BEAUTY BULLETIN

treatment—says the thing works because of the daily-supervision clause, which in itself is strong psychological medicine—one eminent New York physician (than which, we suppose, they come no more eminent) has said he considers the injection harmless in any case. . . . “Ho,” replied one qualified treatment-giver and believer, on hearing his eminent colleague’s view. “You saw that obese person in my reception room; I suppose you’d say he’s just a glutton and doesn’t deserve help. Well, somehow he doesn’t know when to stop eating; there is something wrong with his mechanism in that regard. But if I put both you and him on the same diet, but gave injections only to him, who do you think would lose weight faster—the injected or non-injected dieter?” Waiting gleefully for our non-forthcoming answer, he went on: “You would lose weight faster. But you’d be starving. He, on the other hand, would lose weight more slowly and he’d feel fine. . . . It is the purpose and function of this particular injection to cause the release of stored fats in the system. The dieter lives not just on the 500 calories in the prescribed diet, but rather on those 500 plus 700 or so his body is releasing each day.”

“Maybe you’ve noticed you’ve never seen this diet in written form—even though you’ve heard about it on TV and read about it in the newspapers. . . .”

THE RICE DIET. The observation quoted above is astute. It was made by the cook who has worked for years supplying collector’s-item calories for a monumental man in the entertainment world. And she ought to know. Her employer is one of the I’ve-tried-everything dieters who—in the interest of making one last-ditch and thoroughly extreme diet try—went to Duke University in Durham, North Carolina, and lived as an outpatient of the University’s Medical School, taking the Rice Diet the only way the diet is given—seriously. His first visit, a solid three months; and there have been a few touch-up visits since then. He’s lost better than sixty pounds. He feels marvellously well, now. But when he’s at home, it’s “Rice, rice, rice—all the time rice,” to hear his cook tell it. Rice and what *else*? “Steamed rice without salt, without butter, sometimes with fruit or lettuce on the side . . . sometimes plain steamed rice with a saltless sauce made of cooked tomatoes and green peppers.” And that’s as close as we feel we ought to come in describing the content of the shrouded diet. Here’s why. The Rice Diet, designed by Dr. Walter Kempner, is an elaborate and thoroughly custom-made job. There is no one diet; each patient’s eating program, medication, vitamin assist, et cetera, is made-to-order in accordance with what the finicky medical examinations indicate is needed. As reported in April 15 *Vogue*, the Rice Diet is an un-easy diet; slow, steady, boring, and, it seems, remarkable. Rice Dieters, while at Duke, meet together to eat together at what we presume must be called the Rice House. The psychological benefits of this aspect of Dr. Kempner’s plan aren’t the least mysterious: they’re plainly group therapy, and as such, fortifying. . . .

TREATMENT DIET FOR MARBLE SKIN. *Livelier than a statue’s, but as perfect, as cool: skin that might be otherwise. This is the dream of women—at least, of most women we know. (At *Vogue*, inquiries about skin care run two to one, stacked up against all other beauty mail.) Admitting that some skins present perplexities, and all skins benefit from diet, exercise, and fresh air, we beg readers to believe that nothing is more important in the skin’s long run than a balanced, well-thought-out cleansing plan followed by skin nourishment. For this there are systems and systems—and one that stands up very well, we find, is the three A’s system by Alexandra de Markoff. A fluffy green cream cleanser called Alexa is rinsed and balanced by a tonic called Alexa Lotion, then followed (if make-up is to follow) by Alexana pre-make-up lotion, or (if sleep or bath follows) a this-means-business night cream called Allevia. There are surprises within the system. Built-in stimulation in the tonic is one. A power of concentration in each product is another. (Re this, each of the three A’s goes an Amazingly long way. . . .)*

THE WALKING DIET. *The costume is by Courrèges. The diet, from The Most of A. J. Liebling, which records the reply of a professional faster when asked to dine: “Instead of eating further viands, I am going to take myself for a nice nourishing twelve-mile walk. . . .” His motive was money. But if figure were the goad, the recipe still would do. It puts the double-whammy on overeating and under-exercising. Possibly the simplest diet in the world. The walker’s coat at Bonwit Teller; the costume at I. Magnin.*







A UNIQUE FRENCH MUSEUM

THE MAEGHTS' GLORIOUS ADVENTURE IN ART

BY PIERRE SCHNEIDER

For generations, the cultivated visitor to the Côte d'Azur could relax on its beaches in the reassuring knowledge that the hinterland held no artistic treasure worthy of distracting him from his sunbath. Those days are over, for since the end of the Second World War, the French Riviera has turned into a showcase of contemporary art at the highest echelon. Picasso re-awakened Vallauris and Antibes; Matisse, with his chapel, put Vence on the map; a Matisse museum has recently become the attraction of Nice, while Fernand Léger's museum is at Biot. And now, hidden on a wooded ridge just above the picturesque village of Saint-Paul-de-Vence, there is the *Fondation Marguerite et Aimé Maeght*, a unique venture in modern architecture and art.

In a region where nature so far has had a monopoly on the breathtaking and the colossal, this ambitious man-made project, which took nearly four years to complete, comes as a startling surprise.

To plan a miniature Eden for one's private enjoyment is unusual; freely to sacrifice a large part of it (some nine out of twenty-two acres) for the benefit and edification of the public is even more unusual, at least in France. After the death of his son Bernard, Aimé Maeght decided to restore a small, ruined chapel in his memory. Soon, it grew into the idea of a vast foundation that would combine a museum with all the facilities—library, rooms for lectures, concerts, screenings, and stage performances—required by creative activity. The idea entered the practical stage when the artist Joan Miró introduced to Mr. Maeght a fellow Catalan, the well-known architect José Luis Sert, Dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Design, who had just built him a studio on the island of Majorca. (Continued next page)

THE MAEGHT FOUNDATION MUSEUM DESIGNED
BY THE ARCHITECT JOSÉ LUIS SERT;
IN THE COURTYARD, STATUES BY GIACOMETTI.



In the labyrinth garden: Joan Miró's "egg"



Miró's Triumphal Arch, or "bird-rhinoceros"



Miró's "weather vane"

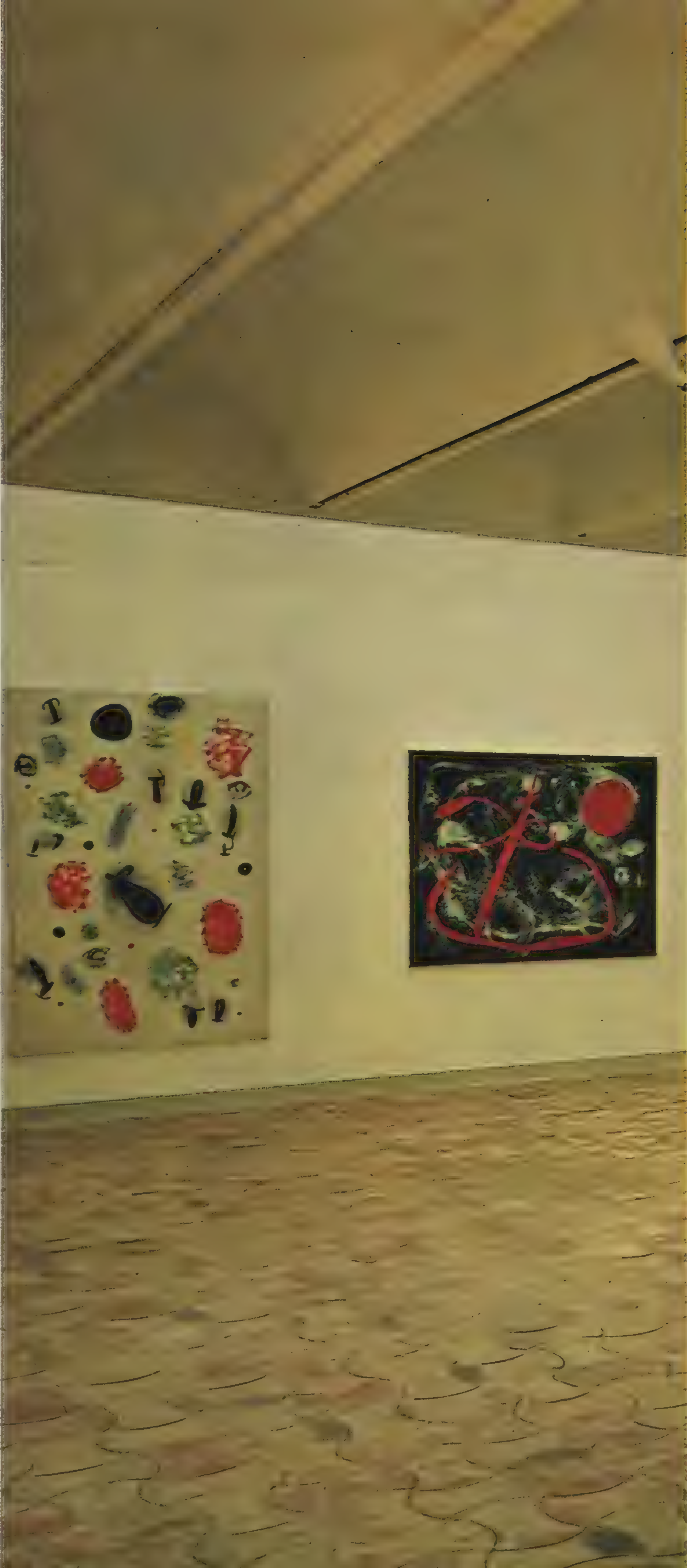
ADVENTURE IN ART cont.

The first stone of the Foundation was laid on October 6, 1960. The completed museum opened three months ago.

After winding his way up through the forest covering the northern flank of the ridge, the visitor reaches a clearing and is suddenly confronted with the huge expanse of the Foundation's intricate complex of buildings. Facing him across the lawn is the entrance, which leads to a central courtyard—if the word "central" may be applied to a design so liberated from the shackles of symmetry as Sert's design for the Foundation. To its right, along the ascending slope of the ridge, the main building of the museum and the director's residence. To the left, descending toward Saint-Paul, the remaining rooms of the museum. On the right side of the front lawn, a tower sheltering the power and water plants, and the chapel which is the spiritual core and starting point of the Foundation. Low walls typical of the Provençal countryside, glass-encased corridors, and terraces break up this irregular profile even further.

Nor is the variety of the plan compensated for by the uniformity of the building materials. At ground level, crudely rusticated sandstone blocks, massively assembled in a way reminiscent of the Cyclopean walls of primitive Greece, prevail; the middle reaches owe their curiously Roman air to the use of brick (indeed it has been cut, baked, and patterned exactly as at Emperor Hadrian's Villa near Tivoli); the upper level is occupied by (Continued on page 193)

THE GREAT MIRÓ ROOM WITH THE ARTIST'S RECENT WORK LIT BY SERT'S "SUN TRAP" CEILING. THE TILED FLOOR IS FROM A MEDIAEVAL DESIGN.





THE MAEGHTS' MUSEUM

A FANTASY, MOSTLY FACT. BY MICHEL CURNOT

Aimé Maeght is an art dealer. It is not paintings which make problems for an art dealer—they can be transported, hooked up, packed, without protest. Nor is it the buyers who have to be considered. But painters make trouble. A great painter is not easy to get along with. Aimé Maeght managed to be friends with Braque, Bonnard, and Léger. He is the friend of Chagall, of Giacometti, of Miró.

Because he was liked by great painters, Aimé Maeght one day found himself very wealthy. Since he comes from the North, he bought a house in the Midi, a thousand yards above Saint-Paul-de-Vence; or rather a piece of mountain with a house on it. And what did he do in that house? Well, naturally, he got bored there.

"Aimé, you are bored; I warned you that you would be," Marguerite Maeght told him. Mme. Maeght, talented, witty, inventive, authoritative when necessary, could easily provide a full existence for a retired art dealer, except for the fact that she naps every day. From two to four, for the past ten years, Aimé Maeght has spent his time planting his mountain with trees from Montenegro and flowers from Australia. He brought birds from Guatemala. But after all sorts of putterings, he was still bored while Marguerite was taking her siesta, and he said to himself: "What can I do—what more could I do to this blasted mountain to keep from being bored?"

He was standing there, under the pine trees, looking, without seeing it, at Cap d'Antibes, listening to the crickets without hearing them, when Mme. Maeght crept up silently and said:

"Have your paintings brought out here, they will amuse you more than the canaries."

"Out here among the pine trees?"

"In the pine trees, in the mistral, under the sun, among the pebbles—wherever you want. You never bring your pictures outdoors. It's been years now since they have needed an airing. . . . Aimé—what's the matter with you? Aimé! . . ."

Aimé Maeght did not hear her: he was climbing the mountain in the direction of the telephone; he called Paris, Berne, Tokyo; he called Miró and Giacometti; he called for statues, paintings, friends!

"I told you," he said to his wife, who arrived breathless, "one needn't be bored in the country."

* * *

Joan Miró arrived first.

"I wanted you to see the spot," (Continued on page 196)

IN THE CHAPEL, LEFT, A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW BY BRAQUE OVER A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY SPANISH CRUCIFIX. RIGHT: A LARGE CHAGALL MOSAIC.



CASPAR MARC

FROM THE NEW VOGUE

BOOK OF MENUS

WHEN THE GUESTS ARE MANY

The Big Party, frequently launched with spirit, and less frequently launched with success, should be the result of Big Thoughts, not small thoughts, doubled or tripled. A large party, after all, is not an extension of a small party any more than an evening dress is a day dress lengthened. It is something else. The three menus and nine recipes that follow were chosen from a book of menus and recipes (to be published by Harper & Row on October twenty-first) for parties large and small—from "Little Dinners for Eight to Ten" to an outdoor breakfast for two hundred. These are plans for people with unlimited help and plans for people with no service at all. The authors: *Vogue's* former Editor-in-Chief, Jessica Daves, with Tatiana McKenna and the editors of *Vogue*.

The two buffet menus here suggest alternate ways of handling the same large group of guests. Two or three agile maids are the suggested help.

À LA CARTE BUFFET

for thirty people—with recipes to serve about twelve each. "It is not expected that any guests will want some of each dish."

*Szekely Goulash**

*Couscous**

*Cannelloni Leonardo da Vinci**

Peeled Whole Tomatoes with Cottage Cheese and Chives

Smoked Turkey in Finger Sandwiches of Thin Brown Bread

Baba Ring Filled with Strawberries and Whipped Cream with Rum

Stewed Pears with

Vanilla Sauce

THE WINE: Carafes of red Italian table wine, at room temperature.

ONE-BIG-DISH BUFFET for thirty people

*Chicken Czarina
on a Bed of Kasha with
Sour Cream and Mushrooms**
Salad of Endive, Beets, and Celery

Rye Melba Toast

Hot Deep-Dish Apple Pie

Brie Cheese

Water Biscuits

Bar-le-Duc Jam

THE WINE: A Tavel, a grenache rosé, or a white wine such as Italian Soave.

SEATED BLACK-TIE DINNER for twenty-four people. Four waiters are required.

*Oysters in Sherry**

*Braised Stuffed Shoulder of Lamb
with Truffles**

Green Salad with Camembert Cheese

*Tarte à l'Orange**

THE WINE: With the lamb a Beaujolais, or a Pommard or Beaune.

RECIPES FOR THE STARRED DISHERS ABOVE:

SZEKELY GOULASH FOR TWELVE PEOPLE

*4 pounds small butterfly pork
chops, about 1/2 inch thick*
5 tablespoons bacon fat
2 large onions, minced
4 tablespoons paprika
Salt and black pepper
3 1/2 pounds sauerkraut
1 teaspoon caraway seeds
1/2 teaspoon dried tarragon
4 cups sour cream

Bone the pork chops and cut them in half, or let the butcher do it.

Sauté the pork chops in the bacon fat in a large frying pan, turn them, add the onions, and finish browning them, along with the paprika and a little salt and pepper. Add a very little water, cover, and simmer over very low heat for 1 hour, adding more water in small amounts if necessary. At the same time simmer the sauerkraut, caraway seeds, and tarragon, with the juice from the sauerkraut plus water to cover, for 1 1/2 to 2 hours over very low heat. The sauerkraut should be very tender. Drain the sauerkraut and

combine with the meat in a serving casserole. Mix in the sour cream and heat thoroughly on top of stove but do not allow to boil. Serve the goulash from the casserole.

COUSCOUS FOR TEN PEOPLE

1 cup olive oil
1 pound stew lamb, cut into 1-inch cubes
1 pound bottom round of beef, cut into 1-inch cubes
3 1/2- to 4-pound chicken, disjointed as for fricassee
10 medium onions, chopped
2 cans chick peas
6 carrots, cut up
6 cups beef bouillon
1 teaspoon each of saffron, salt, and black pepper
Cayenne pepper to taste
Semolina (see below)
3 tomatoes, skinned, seeded, and cut up
1 pound yellow squash, cut up
4 parsley sprigs
1 teaspoon dried chervil
1/2 cup raisins

Heat half the olive oil in a large pot or in the lower part of a steamer cooker (a double boiler with a perforated top), and brown the meat and chicken, adding oil as needed. Add the onions and brown. Depending on the size of the cooking vessel, this may be done in separate batches. Return everything to the large pot and add the drained and rinsed chick peas, the carrots, beef bouillon, saffron, salt, black pepper, and several dashes of cayenne pepper. Couscous should be peppery. Meantime, prepare the semolina (see below) and place in a colander over the stew. Cover and simmer for 1 hour; then add the tomatoes, squash, parsley, and chervil to the meat and vegetable mixture. Simmer for 45 minutes longer, then add raisins and simmer long enough for them to plump up. Remove meat and vegetables to a serving platter and keep warm. Reduce sauce and remove fat. Pour some sauce over the meat and serve the rest separately. Serve the steamed and well-buttered semolina along with the meat. If you like, serve some red peppers in

(Continued on page 199)



COPPER . . . *The scent that pleases when it's noticed and is part of the pleasant aura of . . .*

Countess Mara
TOILETRIES FOR MEN

Here, hefty soap bars with more virtues than suds, 3 for 3.50. Copper first became famous in after-shave lotion and cologne, available in 6 oz. Pinch Bottles or 2 oz. "Traveler" sets. And there's a great deodorant stick.

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ADVENTURE IN ART

(Continued from page 188)

thin concrete "veils" and the dominant form there is that of the segment placed in various positions. The eye thus takes in a fabric which at the bottom looks like an archaeological dig and at the top like a radar station. Yet despite the heterogeneity of the total structure and the grandness of its scale, the impression instantly conveyed is, much to one's astonishment, one of effortlessness, of naturalness.

Sert's architecture is natural because it understands—I do not say imitates or emulates—nature, as a perceptive portraitist understands his sitter. It is this comprehension of nature that places the Foundation in the great tradition of Mediterranean architecture, which neither turns its back on the surrounding landscape nor treats it like a pageant to be gaped at. The products of timeless artisanry and those of up-to-date technique act in unison: the walls made of stones selected and piled up one by one by a seventy-five-year-old mason (the last hereabouts to know his trade) and the concrete slabs pre-stressed in giant matrices join gracefully, as do the ultra-modern coffers of the ceilings and the traditional faded-pink tiles of the floors. So constant and complete is the exchange between the ages at work here that one sometimes forgets which is which: the most ancient-looking edifice is the power plant, whereas the partly Romanesque chapel is among the most modern-looking buildings.

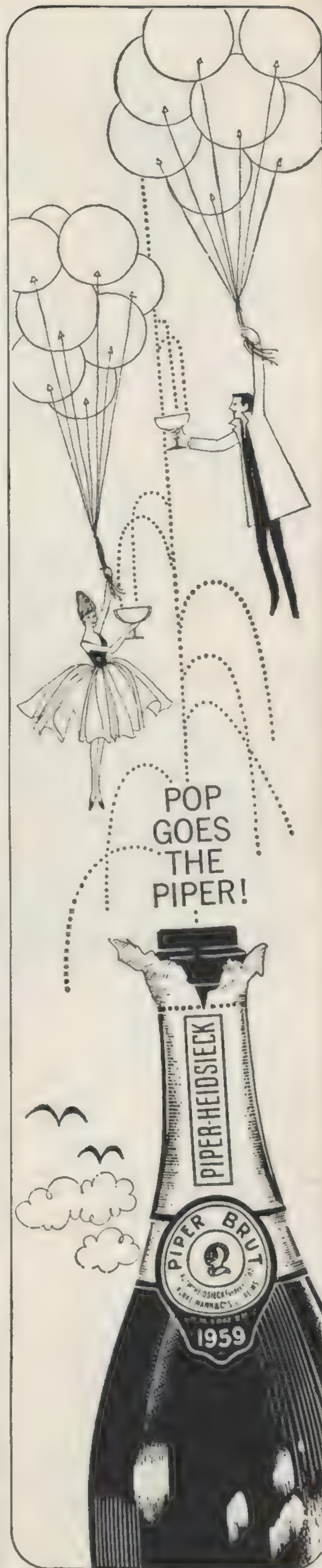
The landscape in point is startling in its contrasts and yet these contrasts resolve themselves in euphony. The close range is occupied by the ridge: compact stone and densely planted pine. The southern slope falls off abruptly, so that no middle range is visible and the eye must needs soar toward the distant Estérel mountains, whose blue tones melt into the blue of sea and sky. Here then we meet, in its purest form, that dialogue between contracted soil and limitless atmosphere, that "exchange between sky and earth" which Cézanne so cherished in neighbouring Provence.

Dialogue between contrasting parts is the principle which governs the Foundation (but can there really be dialogue except when each interlocutor possesses his own personality?). The stone blocks of the lower walls and foundations were hewn out of the very hill on which they stand and seem to prolong it, to embody the alliance with earth, while the two delicately curving impluvia on the roof terrace of the main building—the local people have already dubbed these characteristic features "half-moons"—open their arms, less in order to provide shade than to signify a warm welcome to the sky.

Dialogue between sky and earth, between inside and outside, marks the way in which the Foundation skips down along the ridge, platform after platform. The solid, nearly windowless rooms of the museum are connected by narrow glass corridors; thus, leaving the concentrated universe of art and before plunging back into it, the visitor is confronted with sweeping vistas of the hill, the sky, or patios decorated with sculptures, mosaics, and pools. Moreover, next to the asymmetric chain of buildings and along the very edge of the hill, runs another labyrinth, composed of terraces, low, winding walls, suspended gardens and platforms. Open maze and closed one meet, separate, interlock, separate again. Yet, throughout, and despite the continual counterpoint, everything is neat, clearly defined, like the frontiers of light and shadow under the Mediterranean sun.

Five rooms of the museum are devoted respectively to Braque, Kandinsky, Chagall, Miró, and Giacometti. Other rooms present the works of younger artists belonging or having belonged to the *Galérie Maeght*: Tal Coat, Bram Van Velde, Bazaine, Ubac, Chillida, et cetera. The main hall displays, among other masterpieces, paintings by Bonnard, the initiator, and by Matisse, with a show of whose work Maeght's Paris gallery was inaugurated. In all, the museum is prepared to exhibit four to five hundred paintings and is equipped to shelter sev-

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ADVENTURE IN ART

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eral thousand more in its reserves.

Its construction must have required the kind of sums usually mentioned in connection with jet airplanes or battleships by government budgets. But here, the funds were provided by one private person.

It is not surprising, on the other hand, that this person should be Aimé Maeght. The flourishing post-war art market has produced a new race of tycoons: the art dealers. Of these, Mr. Maeght is certainly one of the most successful. It was his encounter with the aged Pierre Bonnard, retired at Le Cannet, that gave Mr. Maeght's career a decisive turn. After the hostilities had ended, he opened a gallery in Paris and, within a few years, became the exclusive dealer for Braque, Léger, Chagall, Miró, the late Kandinsky, Giacometti, Calder, as well as a number of younger artists.

Among the causes of Mr. Maeght's rise was the fact that, perhaps owing to his early training as a printer, he sensed the attraction which the print might hold for a growing public eager to own original works of modern art yet unable to afford the price of paintings. Today, the firm Maeght comprises not only a gallery, but also a printing plant.

The flamboyance of the painter's palette communicated itself to the personality of Mr. Maeght (though he undoubtedly had strong predispositions along these lines). Sun and drought seemed to condemn the acres which he owned above Saint-Paul to the clutches of rock and pine. Nevertheless, he set out to transform this arid waste into an earthly paradise. Today, every manner of fruit tree and vegetable, vines, and flowers—some forty-nine thousand varieties of plants—grow on the hillside. Brooks meander on its slopes and gather in ponds that simulate in turn a corner of the Amazonian jungle (complete with orchids), a Japanese garden, or Monet's water-lily-obsessed Giverny. The master of the house can stroll among roses nursed to open precisely on the day of his

arrival, lower himself into his swimming pool along a bronze ladder executed by that marvelous craftsman, Alberto Giacometti, contemplate the three thousand couples of birds in his aviary or the sculptures by Robert Delaunay, Germaine Richier, and other modern masters casually strewn about his domain—a domain which now includes this new museum.

If the function of a museum is to enable one to see works of art under the best conditions, then the *Fondation Maeght* may well be the finest museum built to this day. For one thing, the paintings hang on walls—real, four-square walls washed a quiet, blue-tinged white. Sert has deliberately turned his back on the current museographic fad of movable and adjustable panels—the kind that forces you to watch a procession of spectators' legs underneath every Rembrandt or Goya. Sert's solid walls help the pictures overcome their (or, if you wish, our) initial timidity.

The most remarkable and novel feature of the museum is the quality of its light. It is a mistake to suppose that the sun is a picture's best friend. The brilliant sunlight of the Riviera bleeds the colours out of painting. The painters of Provence and of the Côte d'Azur, from Renoir to Bonnard and from Van Gogh to Matisse, are men of the North. The light we find in their work is the remembered light of more temperate climes. Sert's sensibility and inventiveness here showed themselves at their best. Those concrete segments, so fanciful and diversified that it is hard to believe them to have been produced by standardized industrial techniques, actually play a precise rôle: they channel and regulate the torrents of sunlight exactly as one harnesses a wild mountain stream. By carefully calculated deflections and refractions (worked out by Sert and his students in a movable experimental building at Harvard), these "sun traps," as Sert calls them, fill the museum with the cool, uniform, indirect albeit natural light ideal for the contemplation of painting. Except for three days in winter, it hits the pictures at an

optimal angle of forty-five degrees. At the Foundation, no matter where you stand, no matter what time of day or year it is the pictures *are themselves*.

Temperature and humidity are no less carefully regulated than light. In addition to storage rooms for paintings, the basement offers a display of electronic controls worthy of an atomic laboratory—and in fact it *was* set up by the firm which also equipped France's atomic factory at Marcoules. These machines also are able to spot and to draw attention to any attempt at robbery in any part of the museum—a precaution by no means unnecessary when one recalls that Saint-Paul was the scene of one of the most spectacular art thefts of the post-war period, that at the *Colombe d'Or*, and that Mr. Maeght himself has fallen victim to art-robbers more often than any man alive.

The Foundation was not only built for artists but by them. A mosaic by Chagall greets the guest as he first catches sight of the main front. Braque's Platonic bird is suspended forever in the stained-glass window of the Chapel, for which Uzac carved the Stations of the Cross in his favourite medium, slate. A mosaic by Braque, representing elusive fish, glistens at the bottom of a pool, in one of the patios, while a twenty-foot-high mobile by Calder hovers metalically over another. Most intimately integrated into the architectural setting, however, are the contributions of Giacometti, Miró, and Tal Coat.

Giacometti's emaciated bronze figures walk endlessly toward each other, like illustrations of Zeno's paradox, across the wide central courtyard. The sky is literally their limit and one can not help thinking, as one sees them against this enormous, empty expanse, of the incredibly small and cramped studio in Montparnasse where they were created. And yet they are at home here, there is an air of joyous elation about them, like children suddenly released from the constricting bondage of the schoolroom and scattering on the streets.

While Giacometti shows a preoccupation with one of the

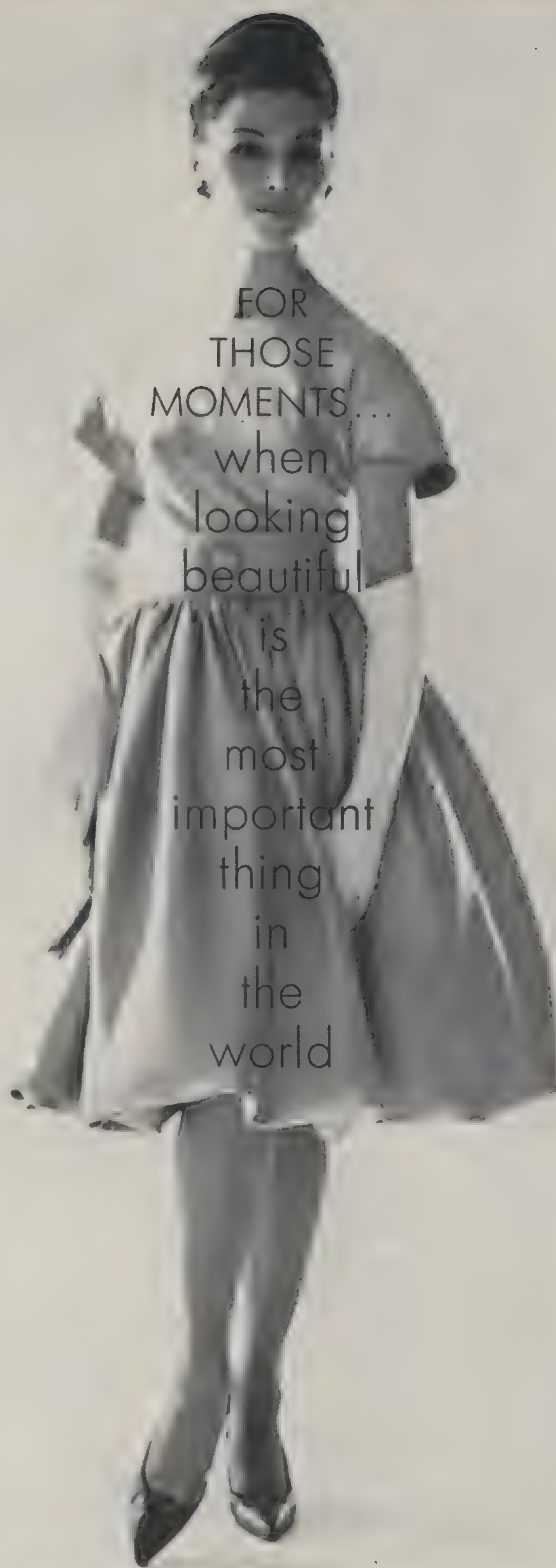
basic components of the Foundation: sky, Miró is concerned with the other: earth. He has punctuated the labyrinth with a series of sculptures in ceramic or cement which look like materializations of earth's inaudible language. The eight-yard-high Triumphal Arch at the upper end of the maze is crowned with a half-moon that echoes the "half-moons" on the Foundation's highest roof. A giant ceramic lizard crawls along its white-washed wall. The trophy of farm instrument-like forms which semaphores toward the distant mountains; the Egg, which tops a rock protruding from a pond; and the Great Goddess, which blooms like the most energetic plant in the suspended garden, are emanations of earth's monstrous vitality.

Tal Coat has decorated the fifty yards of wall enclosing the Foundation's front lawn with a wonderfully subtle mosaic of pebbles and stones which strikes the viewer as a gentle but flawless mediation between the two contrasting elements that hold sway here: air and earth.

The integration of architecture and the arts has been much talked about in our time; here it has been achieved without resounding proclamations, apparently even without planning. What has made this successful collaboration possible? Free exchange of ideas between artists and architects is of course the prerequisite, but also that they work at least partly on the spot—a chore which artists seldom condescend to shoulder nowadays, just as current architects are rarely pleased with the artist's intrusion. Here, they did come and they were welcome. Sert, who has had much experience with such collaboration, from the Spanish Pavilion at the French Exposition of 1937, where he showed Picasso's "Guernica," to the studio which he built for Miró, once told me: "Today, friendship must replace the stable teams of the Middle Ages."

But the success of the Foundation has a deeper cause, and one which offers a solution to the problem that has so far hindered collaboration between the

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ADVENTURE IN ART

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constructive and the plastic arts: How can art, which remains a personal expression, come to terms with modern architecture, ruled by industrial techniques? In its desire to find its place in the new setting, art has oscillated between meek acceptance of the principle of insertion (the poor cousin's room in the back of the rich one's house) and equally ineffectual attempts to cover the new ground (as frescoes once covered the walls and vaults of churches).

"Once upon a time, art took up too much room. I don't care whether the doorknob I am turning has been chiselled by Cellini. Today the work of art must not have the largest place, but the most privileged one. It must become integrated into the building not through harmony and continuity, but through contrast and opposition," Sert explained. "No more transitions, no more gradations: contrasts—like this," he added, pointing at the Romanesque Christ strikingly isolated on the white wall of the chapel.

Miró, whom I questioned on another occasion, expressed precisely the same thought. We were standing before the great wall along which the Lizard seemed to have just stopped crawling, and Miró said: "At first, I wanted to fill that wall with a rectangular mosaic. Then I realized that the thing to do was not to espouse its shape, but to create

a contrast by means of a form which would cast a sharp note and whose freedom of colour would contradict the wall's serenity. Integration by opposition, that's it."

Integration by opposition, the dialogue of contraries: where else did this principle, which explains the Foundation's reconciliation between traditional and modern architecture as it does that between architecture and the arts, stand a better chance of being formulated than in this site, which illustrates it so dramatically?

The test of a living organism is its ability to grow. At first, the Foundation will function primarily as a museum (it will boast, among other works, an exemplar of every important sculpture ever executed by Giacometti) and as a library containing material about the artists.

Mr. Maeght, who has donated most of the contents, expects the Foundation to launch out on its own as a publisher of artistic prints and books, and to play host to gatherings of artists, writers, and thinkers. "Only time will tell in just what direction the Foundation will develop," he said. "For instance, Braque donated some stage sets: why not produce plays using them?"

"I would like to build a kind of creative village of which what you see now would be only the administrative centre. Around it would rise the Painter's House, the Potter's House, the Sculptor's House, the Engraver's House, and so on."

THE MAEGHTS' MUSEUM

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Aimé Maeght told him, "that way you can tell me which pictures of yours I should use."

"What do you mean, which pictures? To use where?"

"Here . . . I am going to build a very light, airy pavilion, here."

"That doesn't interest me," said Miró. . . . "Pictures, here. . . . No. Nothing would be strong enough. . . . No, I'll make you a rhinoceros . . . a bird-rhinoceros . . . six or seven yards high. . . . And in cement! That will be the thing. See—over there would be the place."

"How much will your rhi-

noceros weigh?"

"I don't know . . . the weight of two or three houses."

"But that spot is on the edge of the ravine. . . . It might slip down. . . . Put it here instead."

"No, it's the ravine that I want. . . . You can strengthen it, put up walls. . . . Anyway, I'm going to need lots of walls; I'm going to make them serpentine all over this hill. And over there, I reserve a spot for an egg."

"An egg?"

"An egg six feet high."

"An egg made of what?"

"Ceramic."

"You know very well there isn't an oven in existence that could bake an egg that high."

One of the chief obstacles to any such development is the as yet precarious status of foundations in France. Actually, foundations *have* no legal status. No law, no decree has ever been passed defining their rights and duties. An empirical definition was provided, in the present case, by the Conseil d'État, upon whose favourable suggestion an ordinance will be issued by the government. The latter will count several representatives on the Foundation's Board of Directors. Even so, France does little to make it easier for foundations. They are taxed like private firms and donations may not be deducted in any way from the donor's revenues. Little wonder, therefore, that the *Fondation Maeght* should be the first of its kind. Perhaps its example will prove contagious. Mr. Maeght firmly believes that the foundation is the ideal organizational structure of the future. "In the long run, small galleries are fated to disappear, whereas the large ones, like all great concentrations of capital, will ultimately fall under state control. But the state itself is too rigid and too abstract to be able to establish fruitful relations with that born anarchist, the artist. The foundation will act as an efficient intermediary: it is more flexible than the ponderous apparatus of the Administration and more powerful than the art gallery." In this respect as in others, the *Fondation Maeght* may well be playing a pioneering rôle.

"Of course not . . . but you're going to build me one—as a matter of fact we'll need several kilns, because, there, against the sky, I want a weather vane in ceramic about eleven yards by seven. . . . It has to be higher than the trees; and there, three or four yards in the air I'll have a giant lizard."

"You see, Aimé, it's taking shape," said Mme. Maeght.

"I can't figure out yet," said Miró, "just where I'll put my woman-turtle. . . . As a matter of fact, your mountain doesn't quite satisfy me. Stand there. . . . Do you see? There's a hole. . . . We'll need a few truckloads of earth from another mountain

to fix this up a bit; otherwise my woman-turtle [or Great Goddess] will look like a gourd."

A few days later Giacometti arrived at the station in Nice.

"Now *you're* not going to make any objections," Aimé Maeght told him: "I've planned a very big room for you, very light, very airy, and I'm putting all your sculptures in it! . . . And a few of your paintings . . . you'll be pleased with it."

"Certainly not!" said Giacometti. "I'm fed up with open-air rooms. People can't see anything in them!"

"What do you want, then?"

"The Piazza San Marco. . . . Or some place like that. . . . A great flat space, rimmed with houses on three sides, with a wide view to the sea—you could see my statues from the gulf."

"Well you can see that I have no flat places here," said Maeght. "It's a mountain."

"You have only to flatten it out," said Giacometti.

"And what is going to be on the sides of this flat place? What buildings?" asked Maeght.

"That's easy enough, Aimé," said Marguerite Maeght. "Put up a cinema, or a city hall. You see, Aimé, it's taking shape."

"Not so fast," said Joan Miró, emerging from the pine trees with a pensive gentleman. "I am having trouble with Monsieur. . . ."

The gentleman was José Luis Sert, the Spanish architect who lives in Massachusetts and has designed buildings in Cuba and in Baghdad.

"What kind of trouble?" asked Maeght.

"My egg is going to be bored all alone," said Miró. "I want to give it a reflection. My giant lizard, too. . . . We'll have to put pools around, here and there."

"And where will you get the water? There's no water on this mountain," said Maeght.

"That's just it," said José Luis Sert, "we'll get the water from the rainfall. . . . In this climate it will be necessary to humidify the rooms. . . . You will have rooms, won't you?"

"For the painters who are no longer with us—Bonnard, Braque, Kandinsky—I will perhaps put in some rooms," said Maeght.

"All right then," said José Luis Sert. "In order to catch the rainwater we'll need two things: big curved rounded surfaces placed upside down on the roofs. The roofs will be immense gutters, and in the basements we'll have several hundred yards of hydrometric installations, the hygrometric, electronic, and simple electric equipment. . . . We'll have to dig deep."

"This spot is the Piazza San Marco," said Giacometti, "because these trees suit me for the statue of man on the move."

"Those trees," said the architect, "are all coming down. They prevent my lighting the rooms with my system of inverted quarter cylinders which hold the indirect light under composed incidence."

"Pardon me?" said Maeght.

"It's extremely simple," said José Luis Sert. "It's a little expensive, but it is the simplest way."

Let us skip the months of toil during which Aimé Maeght was no longer bored, and come to the moment of the inauguration. The "Piazza San Marco" was there, with the statues by Giacometti. The rhinoceros-bird and the woman-turtle and the labyrinth and the giant egg over the pool, and other innovations of Miró's were there, too. Also the gutter-roofs and the subterranean hydrometrics and the rooms of Chagall, Kandinsky, Bonnard, lit by the system of the quarter-cylinders; and the city hall, and everything. . . .

Miró arrived:

"What's that?"

"What's what?" asked Maeght.

"That idiot tower?"

"That's the electric transformer."

"Well—it doesn't suit me at all. Not at all. . . . It's ten times too much. . . . It flattens my lizard. . . . I'll have to put something there to temper it."

"What?"

"Some trees."

"In a pinch," said Maeght, "I can get you two or three trees. . . . In my garden I have quite a choice."

"No," said Miró. "None of *your* trees will do to go in front of this transformer! . . . A tree is too delicate, too weak. . . . No,

I'll have to invent some trees for you, bigger than real trees, and above all better. . . . Oh, well, I'll sculpt some for you and you can cast them in bronze for me."

"You're joking," said Maeght.

"Not at all! You'll cast me some bronze trees or your whole museum will founder!"

Giacometti arrived:

"What's that?"

"What?"

"But *that!* That esplanade with pine trees."

"Why that's your place, that's what you asked for."

"Well it doesn't do at all! You can't even see my statues! They've become skinny, attenuated."

"Your statues have always been attenuated!"

"Are you mad? Who told you that? . . . They have become skinny on your foolish mountain! . . . Send for paint!"

"What for?"

"So that I can paint them! What a good thing! For years I have wanted to paint them. . . . I'm going to give them hair, beards, eyes. I'm going to give them complexions, rouge. . . . You'll see if they're skinny! Get some paint—I'll fix all that. . . . But before anything what is *that?*"

"Where?"

"There—through the centre of my big woman?"

"That's Cap d'Antibes."

"It's not very much, your Cap d'Antibes. Does it always look like that?"

"Just about, yes," said Maeght.

"It's a little soft, your Cap. It ought to be fixed. . . . Especially when my statues are painted, it won't make a very good background."

"I agree," said Miró, "I don't care for your Cap at all. . . . It is badly placed in relation to my big rake, and now I can't move my big rake. Your Cap d'Antibes will have to be changed."

"Listen, my children," said Maeght, "Cap d'Antibes doesn't belong to me. . . . They're not going to move it to make you happy. . . . Be reasonable."

"Never fear," said Mme. Maeght, "Aimé will do some-
(Continued on page 198)

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THE MAEGHTS' MUSEUM

(Continued from page 197)

thing about it; he has a horror of having nothing to do; isn't that so, Aimé? . . . Aimé!"

Aimé Maeght, art dealer, was no longer listening. What was he thinking? That what is difficult for a museum builder is not the museum itself, but the painters? One never knows what Aimé Maeght is thinking. He looked at his strange museum. It had the air of an electronic laboratory for tranquilizers on which some giant Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul had dropped their *cornettes*. He looked at the rhinoceros which alone hid the Estérel; he looked at Giacometti, up on a scaffolding, rouging the lips of a bronze figure which, now covered with red, resembled an Egyptian peasant who has walked barefoot to the Valley of the Kings. He gazed at Cap d'Antibes, jutting into the white-capped sea, dazzling even at a distance.

"In the end," said Aimé Maeght, "what pleases me is that the people here will come to see what it's all about. . . I'll have fishermen, gendarmes with their families, woodsmen. . . They don't know Bonnard."

"Pardon me, Monsieur Maeght."

"Yes?"

It was a small, very old man speaking. He was dressed as if it were the dead of winter. I had already seen him the day before, on the way to Saint-Paul delivering fish down the road.

"Pardon me, Monsieur Maeght. . . I was just passing by. . . I had been told about it, but I can't figure it out. I saw all those walls all over, with white things sticking up from them. I said to myself: 'After all, it can't be a cemetery?' . . . Then I came in. It is unbelievable, Monsieur Maeght. There is a big egg in the water, and they've put a rake which turns around under some trees; there are statues of sick-looking people, consumptives, and someone has put hair on them. And they've put the roofs on upside down, Monsieur Maeght. . . . If this is the museum, it's a little hard to swallow . . . after all, Monsieur Maeght—it's a little hard to swallow."

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SIDE-CLOSED COAT— AND CHAPERON

The fake fur helmet for the narrow coat



JEAN-PHILIPPE SADRON

Sleek black fake fur for a helmet that covers the shoulders like a mediaeval chaperon. . . The shoulders it covers: narrow, bitter-brown wool—a coat with the lean dash of a fencer's tunic. Stockings for this look—black-and-beige knitted in a jacquard pattern. Coat of wool; chaperon of Dynel (Collins & Aikman); both by Cuddlecoat. About \$125. Bloomingdale's; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin.

WHEN THE GUESTS ARE MANY

(Continued from page 192)

a separate dish.

For the semolina:
2 pounds semolina
6 cups boiling water
½ cup butter

Pour 2 cups boiling water over 2 pounds semolina and let it stand for 20 minutes. The water will be absorbed by the semolina and the grains will swell. Repeat this procedure twice, then put the grain into the top part of the steam cooker, or in a colander on top of a large saucepan, over the stew. Let it steam over the meat and vegetables for the whole time the stew is simmering. Add the butter and mix well.

CANNELLONI LEONARDO DA VINCI

FOR TEN PEOPLE

1 box lasagne
2 pounds spinach, blanched and chopped
¼ cup butter
1 pound ricotta cheese
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon dried sweet marjoram
¾ cup grated Parmesan cheese
Salt and black pepper
4 eggs
White sauce (see below)

Cook the lasagne according to the directions on the box, then plunge into cold water, drain well, and cut each strip in half, crosswise. Sauté the finely-chopped spinach, which has had the moisture well pressed out, in 2 tablespoons butter. Take off heat. Mix in the ricotta, nutmeg, marjoram, 4 tablespoons Parmesan cheese, and salt and pepper to taste. Add the eggs one at a time, beating well each time. Butter a large casserole dish. Place the squares of pasta on a flat surface and put a spoonful of the spinach mixture on one side the length of each square. Roll up and put in the casserole with fold facing down. Add the remaining Parmesan cheese and butter to the white sauce, stirring to melt the butter and blend in the cheese. Pour the sauce over the cannelloni and brown in a very hot oven (450°) for 10 to 15 minutes.

For the white sauce:
½ cup butter
6 tablespoons flour
5 cups milk
Salt and cayenne pepper

Melt the butter, add the flour, and simmer, stirring, without browning for 2 minutes. Add the milk and cook, stirring, until thickened and smooth. Season to taste with salt and cayenne pepper.

CHICKEN CZARINA FOR THIRTY PEOPLE

3 pounds whole buckwheat, or kasha
3 cups butter
15 double chicken breasts
2 onions, minced
2½ cups fine soft white bread crumbs
¾ cup milk, approximately
3 teaspoons salt
¾ teaspoon black pepper
Few dashes of cayenne pepper
¾ teaspoon nutmeg
5 egg whites
5 cups sour cream
2½ pounds mushrooms, sliced
3 cups beef bouillon

Shake the buckwheat in a strainer until all fine dust is removed. Do not wash it. Melt ¾ cup butter and sauté the buckwheat over high heat, stirring all the time to prevent scorching, for about 10 minutes. Put into a heatproof dish; cover with boiling water to 1½ inches above the wheat, and stir once. Bake in a preheated medium oven (350°) for 2 hours, or until buckwheat is dry and each grain is separate.

Bone the chicken breasts and grind the meat several times until it is very fine. Sauté the onion in 4 tablespoons butter without browning, just until transparent. Soak the bread crumbs in enough milk to make a smooth thick batter. In a large bowl mix onion and ground chicken, add salt, black pepper, cayenne pepper, and nutmeg. Add the bread and milk; mix until very smooth. Add the unbeaten egg whites. Set the bowl in a container filled with cracked ice or ice cubes and work the mixture well with a wooden spoon. Add ¾ cup sour cream and work

again until well mixed. Form into small flat round or oval cakes about ¾-inch thick.

Clarify 1½ cups butter by melting very slowly and straining the oil away from the milk and whey. Heat this oil as needed in a frying pan and fry the little cakes until golden on both sides. Sauté the sliced mushrooms in the remaining ½ cup butter or more and stir the butter and mushrooms into the buckwheat. Deglaze the frying pan with the beef bouillon, add the remaining sour cream, and warm the mixture. Pour the warmed sauce over the kasha, stirring it in gently. Divide the grain among several shallow ovenproof dishes and arrange the little chicken cakes over the kasha. Reheat in a low oven (300°) and serve in the baking dishes.

OYSTERS IN SHERRY FOR TWENTY-FOUR PEOPLE

12 dozen oysters
12 dozen oyster shells
2 cups butter
8 shallots or 2 medium onions, minced
1 cup Amontillado Sherry, or more to taste
8 cups heavy cream
Salt and freshly ground black pepper
1½ cups fine bread crumbs

Remove oysters from shells, or have your fish dealer do this, but be sure he sends you half the shells. Drain the juice, strain, and reserve it. Melt half the butter in large iron skillets. Sauté the oysters over medium heat, shaking the pans frequently, and turning the oysters over. Sauté until all have been slightly poached in the butter. Remove from the heat and keep warm. In another pan, melt 2 tablespoons butter and simmer the shallots without browning. When they are transparent, add the sherry and the oyster juices and any liquor from the poached oysters. Reduce this sauce by simmering over low heat for at least 10 minutes. Add the cream and reduce again to thicken the sauce. Season to taste with salt and black pepper.

(Continued on page 200)



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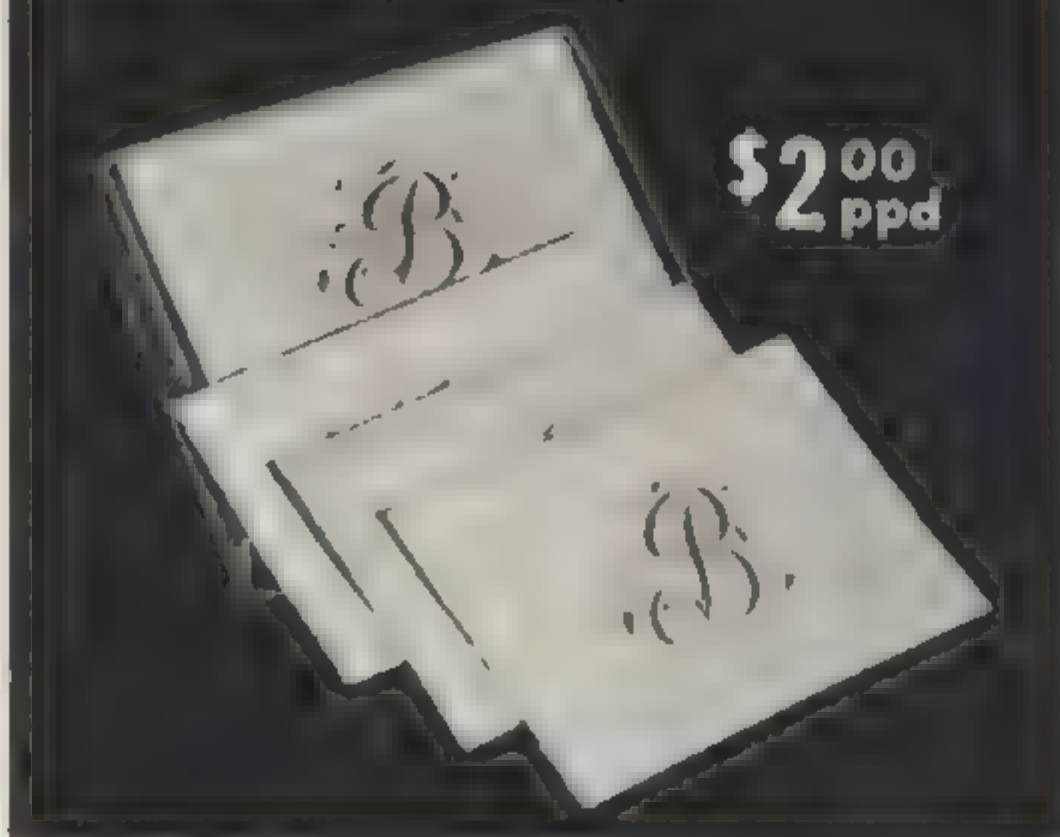


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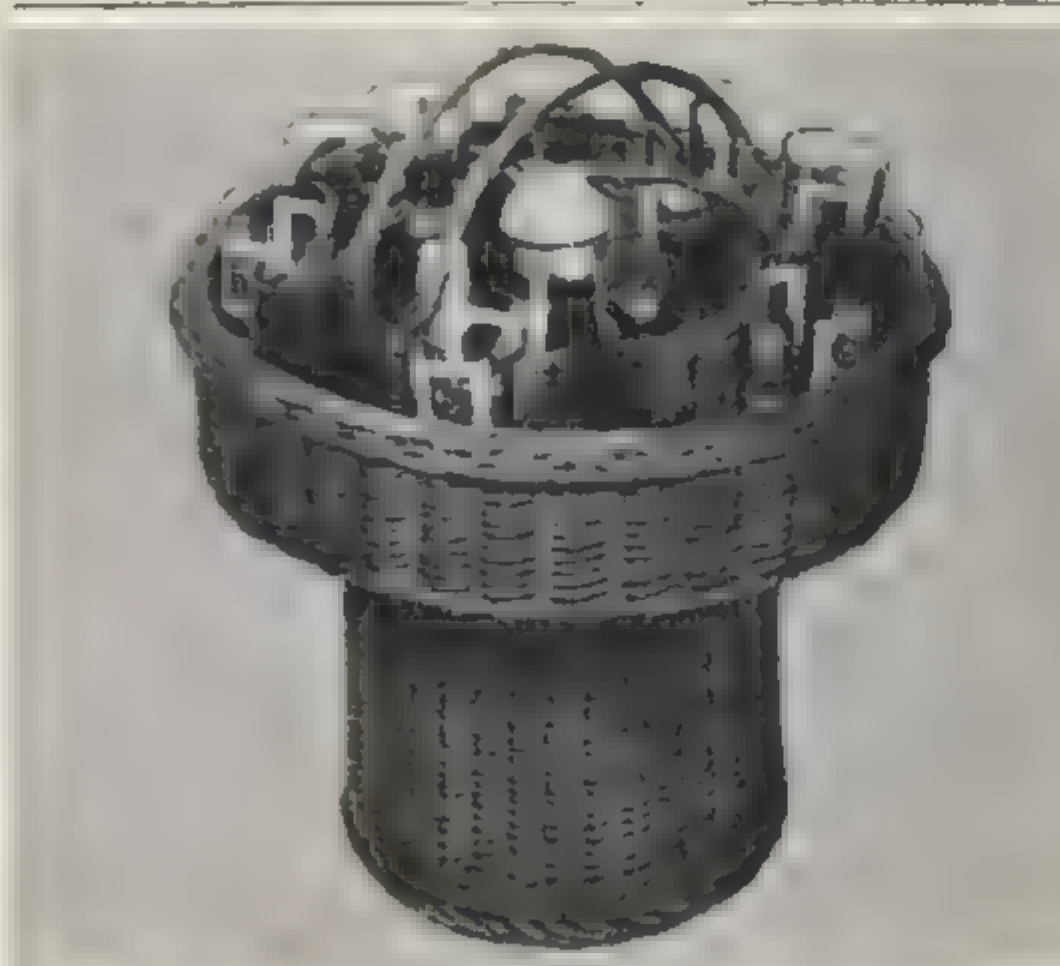
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WHEN THE GUESTS ARE MANY

(Continued from page 199)

Meanwhile, scrub one half shell for each oyster. Coat the shells with some of the sauce. Place an oyster on each shell and coat with a generous amount of sauce. Cut remaining butter into tiny dots. Sprinkle a very few bread crumbs on each oyster and add a few dots of butter. Glaze in batches of 30 or more for 2 to 3 minutes under a hot broiler. When half the oysters have been browned, begin serving. Continue browning and serve as soon as each batch is finished.

BRAISED STUFFED SHOULDER OF LAMB WITH TRUFFLES FOR TWENTY-FOUR PEOPLE

4 shoulders of lamb, about
3 pounds each
4 1-ounce truffles, diced
fine
1 1/2 pounds fine sausage meat
1/2 pound white bread with
crusts removed
1 cup milk, approximately
1/2 cup butter
2 large onions, chopped
3 carrots, chopped
4 garlic cloves, minced
1 1/2 cups white wine
1 cup dry port wine
Salt and black pepper
3 cups strong beef bouillon, or
more if needed
1 1/2 tablespoons arrowroot or
cornstarch

Have the butcher bone the shoulders of lamb. Dice the truffles, reserving the liquid, and mix with the sausage meat. Crumble the bread, soak in milk, and add to the sausage meat. Stuff the roasts with this mixture, then reshape the lamb, and tie securely. In a large deep roasting pan (or several smaller pans), melt the butter and brown the four roasts with the onions, carrots, and garlic, turning the meat to brown on all sides. Add the white wine and the port. Cook until the sauce is reduced a little and season to taste. Add enough bouillon to come half way up the meat. Braise in a medium oven (350°) for about 1 1/2 hours, or more for well-done lamb.

Remove the roasts, slice, and arrange on serving platters.

Strain the sauce and remove as much fat as possible. Add reserved truffle juice and thicken with arrowroot or cornstarch to complete the sauce. Serve the sauce separately.

TARTE À L'ORANGE
FOR TWENTY-FOUR PEOPLE
Puff pastry for three 10-inch pies
18 large navel oranges
1 1/2 cups sugar
1 1/2 cups water
3 eggs, slightly beaten
3 cups heavy cream
1/3 cup Curaçao

Preheat the oven to hot (400°). Line three well-buttered pie plates, about 10 inches in diameter, with puff pastry. Place a large piece of waxed paper inside the pastry and fill with rice or dried beans. Bake for about 10 minutes without browning the pastry, until just set. Remove from the oven, remove the rice or beans, and cool.

Remove the rind of the oranges, taking off as much of the white pith as possible, and cut the rind into julienne strips. Make a syrup of the sugar and water by simmering them together for 5 minutes. Add the orange rind and simmer for 20 minutes. If oranges are very large so that the syrup is not enough to cover all the rind, add more sugar and water in equal proportions. Carefully separate the peeled oranges into skinless sections. If any juice results from this separation of sections, pour it into the syrup with the rinds. Arrange the orange sections in the cooled tart shells. Beat the cream with the slightly beaten eggs, just enough to mix well. Add the cooked rinds, the syrup, and the Curaçao to the cream and egg mixture. Taste for sweetness, adding sugar if needed. Pour the mixture over the oranges in the pastry shells. Reduce oven heat to moderate (375°) and bake the tarts for 40 minutes, or until a knife comes out clean when inserted in the side of the tart. If the oven is too small for all three tarts, do not fill the pastry shells until ready to bake, or the pastry will get soggy.

NEW GOOD MOVE FOR TRAVELLERS

California's Palm Springs— Ondine life in the desert

Palm Springs, billed usually as the Winter Golf Capital of the World—its sixteen golf courses are magnificent—has another treat, a superb new spa. Hot mineral waters piped directly to the spa provide pleasure in a deeply soothing and inventively planned wing of the Palm Springs Spa Hotel. The routine, the benefits of which increase with multiplication, goes about like this:

From immaculate white dressing rooms, bathers wrapped in warm towels, wearing shower caps and plastic scuffs, weigh in. Each passenger, steered by a pleasant attendant, sits first in a box-shaped room dimly lighted by an infrared ceiling and steaming with eucalyptus vapours

which gush from a machine with nozzles like those of a vacuum cleaner. (After five minutes of this atmosphere, one's head clears like an uncorked bottle.)

Next, in the Rock Steam Room, bathers sit first on the lowest of three wooden banquettes terraced like high steps, then work up to the highest where the temperature climbs to about 145°. (Around 11:00 A.M., when the steam room crowds up, it looks like a Hieronymus Bosch scene.)

The bath ritual which follows has enormous style. White bead curtains—shades of Sadie Thompson—open into beige terrazzo cubicles with tremendous sunken tubs. Before bathers stretch out and rest their heads

against a rubber cushion the size and shape of a red life preserver, the routine procedure is to drink a cupful of mineral water. When the whirlpool action is turned on, the sound effects compare to the pumping engines of an ocean liner. After ten minutes—give or take a few—in the 104° water, plus the deep massage from the strategic positioning of the jet-swirls, most people feel thoroughly unkinked, and pleased to have an attendant pull them up, and out of the bath. After swaddling in warmed towels, the attendants lead them off to the Cooling Room.

At this stage, once a week, a salt rub of Epsom salts and coarse salt is worth a try. This treatment leaves the skin satinsmooth and, momentarily, very pink.

Next step on the agenda is a thirty-minute nap in the vast, dark, and quiet Cooling Room. Here, the lined-up beds with antiseptic white sheets and low headboards look surprisingly like the cribs in a baby's ward. The tonic for waking up is a jet

shower; the finale, a massage.

Time allowance for all this, two hours; total cost, \$8.50, and fifty cents less for each in a series of six visits. Tipping is not necessary, but most people do give about fifty cents to the attendant; \$1 to the masseuse or masseur. Hours for both, 8:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. seven days a week. For a massage appointment advance notice is required. *Note:* Same program goes on in the men's quarters.

EPILOGUE: After the spa manoeuvres themselves, there is a glorious send-off if you wish. Slip into a swimsuit and bathe in the series of three hot outdoor mineral pools. Like the three bears in the nursery rhyme, each one is different—not in size (all are round, steamy and marvellously blue) but in degree of heat. The first one is 102°, the middle one which has whirlpool action and is roofed, goes up to 108°; the last one at 90° feels almost cold.

Note: For more of the *ondine* life, there is the heated pool in the flowery gardens of the Palm Springs Spa Hotel.

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CHOOSING UP SIDES

(Continued from page 149)

"Down With Guinness!" I asked an elderly Englishman at my elbow about the affiliations and platform of this Guinness. He cupped an ear.

"His what?"

"Guinness. It says 'Down with Guinness.'"

"Oh, yes, that's, of course—er—an English beer, stout, actually. It means, don't you see, that if you get it down, *when* you get it down rather, you'll feel good inside. D'you understand?"

Two nights later I was at my first election rally. It was in Lambeth, a populous and, I'd been given to understand, a pretty rowdy London borough, creator of the raffish wartime dance known as "The Lambeth Walk." Well, the hall doors were flung open and about a hundred capacious housewives pattered in and sat on little gilt and velveteen chairs. An election "agent" (a sort of low-pressure campaign manager, I guess) wheeled a television set onto the platform, put his index finger roguishly to his lips, and hushed them into silence—they were whispering away furiously—so we could watch the B.B.C.'s weather man ("Continuing cold," he said cheerfully) and the end of a golf match ("A vairy fine putt by Mrs. Hooton-Smith that fell jairst short.").

Then on came Sir Anthony Eden to deliver one of his two televised fifteen-minute speeches of the campaign, for this had been proclaimed by all the newspapers and political commentators as television's own election year, shedding undreamed-of consequences on the body politic. The housewives listened in absolute silence and clapped decently at the end, when Sir Anthony wished us a plaintive good night and the lights went up. The housewives stole out of the hall. "A pretty encouraging show," said the election agent.

There wasn't a banner or a poster anywhere in sight, nor on all the hundreds of miles of London's streets, to indicate that a great national election

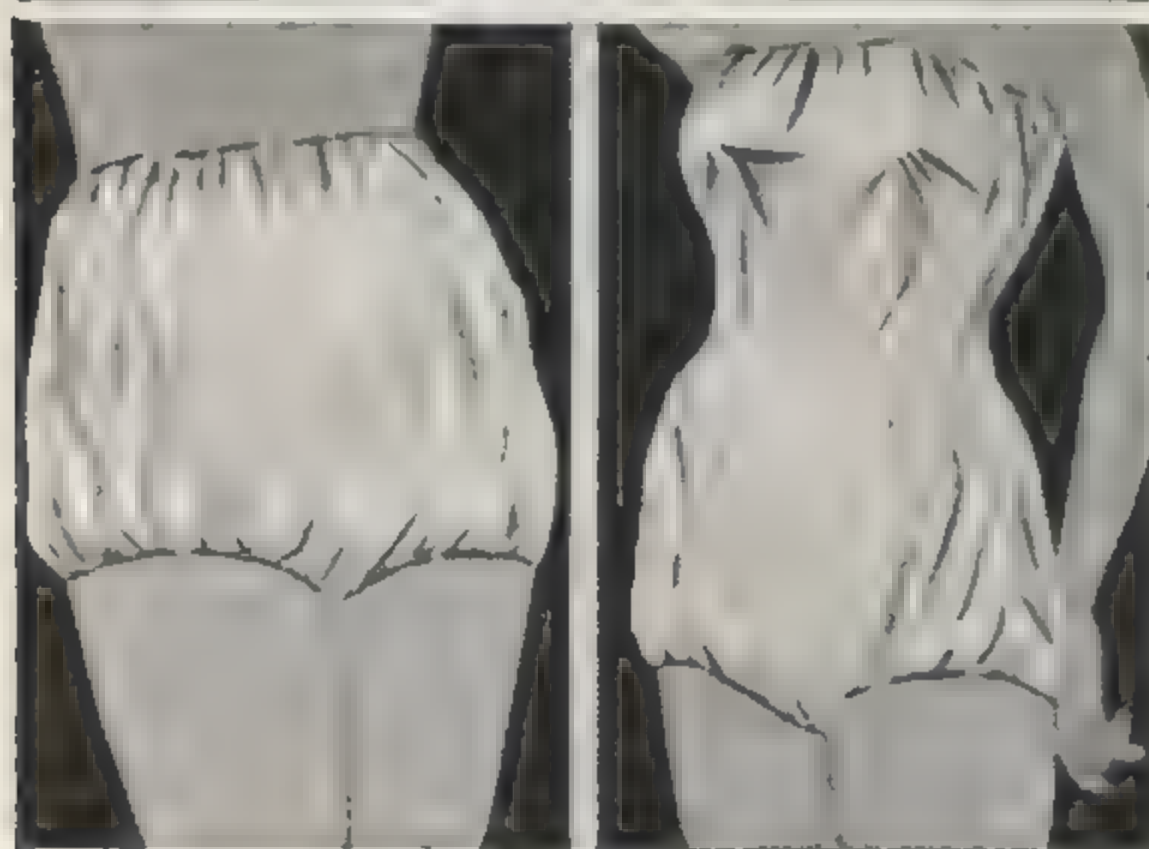
was in progress. I learned later that they have a law, which is a heinous thing to violate, that allows every candidate about \$1,200 for the expenses of his campaign.

What sort of a democracy is this which doesn't even give a man the right to purchase campaign buttons, billboards, brass bands, streamers, inscribed balloons, or half an hour of prime time? For \$1,200 you can't even hire a brace of drum majorettes.

They have another law, even more of a spoil-sport, which requires the dissolution of the old parliament, the selection of all the candidates, the entire campaign, the election and the seating of the new parliament all to take place within twenty-one days. The trouble with the British is the breakneck tempo of their life, always dashing hither and yon, getting their message across to any handful of voters that happens to be passing a school or a fire station, leaving no time for the larger issues, for Madison Square Garden rallies or the timely purchase of a county sheriff.

I went from London to Reading to Wales to Shropshire to Lancashire to Scotland to Yorkshire and back to London. I never saw a "rally" that didn't look, to an exiled American, like a prayer meeting, though some of these secret gatherings were relieved by hecklers, a peculiar British institution: a man who has come to jeer or to question. "What are you going to do about . . .?" somebody shouts from the back, and the candidate had better answer.

At one comparatively large open-air rally in a Lancashire cotton town, I recall, a heckler called Sir Anthony Eden "a bloody traitor." A neighbour cautioned, "Steady, mate." There was a moment's cross-talk and Eden, patting his hand on the air like an impatient headmaster, said, "Now, wait a minute, you're not in Moscow, we each take our turn here." "Quite right," said a policeman strolling out front. There are, by the way, very few policemen and they carry no holsters, no



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guns. They make a move only if there is a show of physical violence. Heckling is legitimate even when it is idiotic.

On the whole, you will gather, a very odd democracy, which I do not pretend to interpret. It is bad enough "interpreting" the American "way of life," especially in a year which includes an assassination and a Presidential election. Eleven months ago, for instance, I was busy explaining to the terrified British the real, wise reasons for the Constitution's guarantee of the right "to keep and bear arms": the Fathers' fear of a standing national army, their trust in the militia principle, the present dangers of the frontier (between Hackensack and, say, Jersey City). I foolishly guessed that an outraged Congress would do something fast about the traffic in mail-order rifles. Nothing seems to have happened.

Then we had to assure the quaking Europeans that the coming Conventions would pay scrupulous attention to the national stature of their Vice-Presidential nominees. So Senator Goldwater picked the world-famous Representative William Miller.

I recently no sooner got through explaining the sharp differences in Britain and America between the qualifications for elective office, and throwing in a piece about the wisdom of the American locality rule (no "rotten boroughs" or "safe seats" on *this* side of the Atlantic, old boy) when Pierre Salinger left Naples, or Virginia if you insist, to run in California, and Bobby Kennedy looked over the national prospect and picked New York.

In embarrassing retrospect it all reminds me of a visiting Englishman of rather fussy domestic habits whom I took to dinner, long ago, in a small New England town. I warned him gently that he must not expect fish knives or butter plates. The first house we dined in had fish-knives, butter knives, butter plates, and finger bowls ("to wash your hands in, foolish"). I fully expect that at this moment you will be seeing news pictures of British candidates in Indian

headress, under South Dakota banners, shouting at eight thousand maniacs in the Albert Hall.

However, one sobering thing came out of my pursuit of a British election. In 1955, the eligible British voters numbered just under thirty-five million. Just under twenty-seven million voted: a percentage of nearly seventy-seven. It may be true that no democracy is so precious to its people as ours, but over ninety percent of the Italians vote and almost ninety percent of the Germans, whereas, one qualified American in two somehow fails to reach the polling booth.

The practice of democracy, someone said long ago, assumes that the majority will heed the minority on the promise that it won't start a revolution. This is fine so long as we learn to recognize the effective "minority" in time.

In Britain and America, the minority still means the party that didn't win the election. But Hitler recruited his decisive forces not from politicians in or out of power but from the legions of the restless and unemployed white-collar workers who were bored by the constituted parties and took a snarly view of the Communists.

Unless, as seems unlikely, our guess is all wrong about the monstrous increase in our population ten and twenty years from now, we shall soon be breeding whole generations of malcontents whose only forum is the streets. By that time how many fewer Americans than fifty in a hundred will vote? Thirty, twenty, ten? By that time, the party systems are going to be grappling with a society their platforms no longer describe or discipline.

We are, I've been saying, all human animals with interesting attachments of local speech and custom. But it is surprising how alike the unemployed and the hungry and the disfranchised are behaving, from Singapore to Harlem, from Sicily to Alabama. If there is a moral, it seems to point to the third of November. Better take a part in democracy before it takes a hunk out of you.

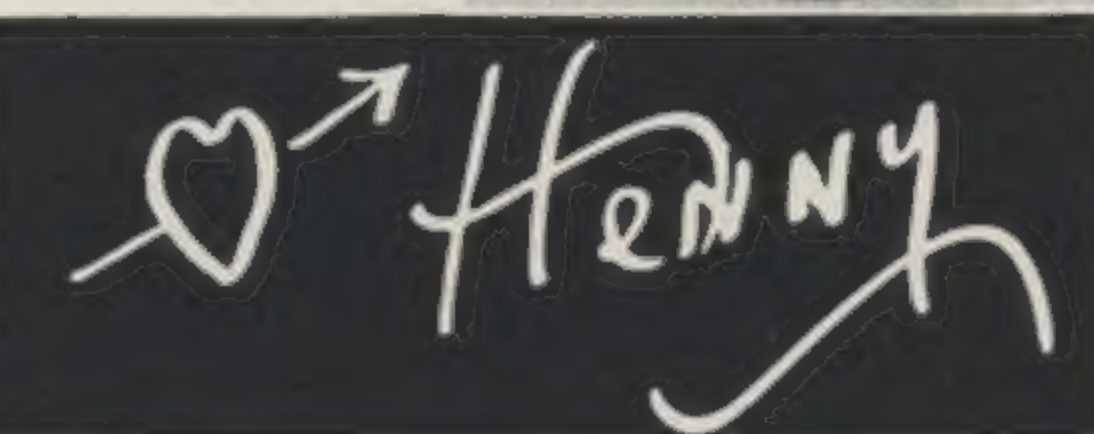
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BRITTANY: DRAGON COUNTRY

(Continued from page 147)

noon upstairs as a punishment for having thrown the *mie*, the soft inside part, of our breakfast bread out the window to the chickens on several mornings. Listening is not the word for what I was doing. The bell was huge and ancient and the church was right alongside the hotel and never except once in the surf have I felt as pounded and pummelled as by those awful reverberations, with the wait for the echoes to die after every stroke. I think there were seventy-some.

Ronan may not have been that old; anyway the oldest part of the church is of the twelfth century, six hundred years after his time. The rest of it is of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and I was astonished a couple of years ago to discover how sombrely and beautifully grand it really is, having expected the usual shrinkage from the childhood image. I should explain that I didn't exactly *go* back that time; I drove rather far out of my way and *sneaked* back, for ten minutes, feeling somehow guilty and ashamed of the irresistible pull of the place, and later discovered that my sister had done the same thing and was equally embarrassed to mention it. It was odd to see automobiles there and be in one, and there had been some damage in World War II, making the square unrecognizable; a new building housing the *mairie* has taken the place of our hotel. But the church and cemetery are the same, and the beach; the tide was way out, and I was close to bursting with mournfulness.

Saint Ronan's own proper church and bailiwick and the *pardon* for him are over at Locronan, above Douarnenez, so you might think our church bell would not have much to tell about him, but the bells of Brittany are famous for what they tell, and there was the miracle. Over in his district King Gradlon was in charge, the one whose palace was in the City of Is and whose dreadful daughter, the nymphomaniac Dahut, opened

the sluice-gates one night; but that is another story. By that time Gradlon had been converted to Christianity. Earlier, he had sided for a time with a nasty witch named Kében who was persecuting Saint Ronan, until a particularly dramatic miracle by the saint brought the king around, to the point where he was asking Ronan's advice about something almost every day. Now the saint was not the politician type, or do-gooder either; he was a pure hermit, and feeling more persecuted by the king's good will than when he had had him for an enemy, he moved all the way across the peninsula to Hillion, with no company but the stone horse that had brought him over from England and was always beside him.

The woods, site of our daily promenades when time and the turn of chance came around to that, also of a typical small granite *calvaire* of the sixteenth century and a most secretive little manor house behind high walls and ancient vines, in the deepest shade, or at least so we chose to regard it, must have been very awesome and dark indeed at that time and there were certainly wolves. However, Breton saints had as much of a knack with wolves as with dragons and Ronan seems to have lived out the rest of his life in peace. The moving event, that I feel was banged into my very bones by the bell that afternoon, along with the painful drama of Georges Palantes, occurred after his death. At the crucial moment nobody could lift the body, it had too great a will of its own, so it was left to the oxen hitched to the cart it was on to decide where the saint wished to be buried. They set forth then, under his command, and slowly pulled him all the long way back to Locronan.

In the church those Sunday mornings, all was dark but the candles, and the faces were the round, strong, stolid Breton ones we used to see in the picture

books. Later in the day the beautiful costumes blossomed in the *place*, velvets and ribbons and coifs, still to be seen though a little less all the time, and by evening the square was rolling with drunks. There was a crazy woman who lived in a hollow tree on the edge of town—once when she had wandered off I crept up and laid my hand on the rags she slept on, I suppose trying to understand by touch as children do when other ways fail—and a favourite Sunday sport was getting her drunk to make her dance out there in front of the hotel. But on the whole the village was kind to her, and there have been other demented tree-dwellers in Brittany who have been considered holy, at least after they were dead.

At the end of August we had measles in a big way, my sister and I, and perhaps the raging fever and spells of delirium, while the annual *fête* of the village went on under the window, served some purpose.

And now my daughter is exactly the age I was then. She has spent a summer in Brittany too and is saying to me, all radiance over it and terribly in earnest, "Tell them about the cuttlebones all over the beach and the things we built with them, and how the little crabs moved into our sand castles every night! Tell them that about Brittany"—and suddenly I know for the first time how wonderful her castles were.

EDITOR'S NOTE: A rangy, learned American woman, Eleanor Clark pulled this article from childhood memories of a summer spent in Brittany. In fact, she returned there for her most recent book, *The Oysters of Locmariaquer*, to which she brings the same imagery, urgency, and sure knowledge she brought to another of her extraordinary books, *Rome and a Villa*. When not travelling, Miss Clark lives a country life in Connecticut with her husband, Robert Penn Warren, and their two young children.




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